THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 5, 1930
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"AMERICAN CRIME": By COLLINSON OWEN

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Oh! could you view the scenery dear,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think that Nature lavish'd here
Her purest wave, her softest skies

Close to my wooded bank below
In grassy calm the waters sleep;
And to the sun-beam proudly show
The coral rock they love to steep!
—Tom Moore

"her purest wave, her softest skies"

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the BYSTANDER

MADAME FERIDUN BEY.

The young wife of the First Secretary to the Turkish Embassy in Portland Place, W. Her marriage which took place there in the summer of 1928 was the first Turkish wedding to take place in London.

Rafaël

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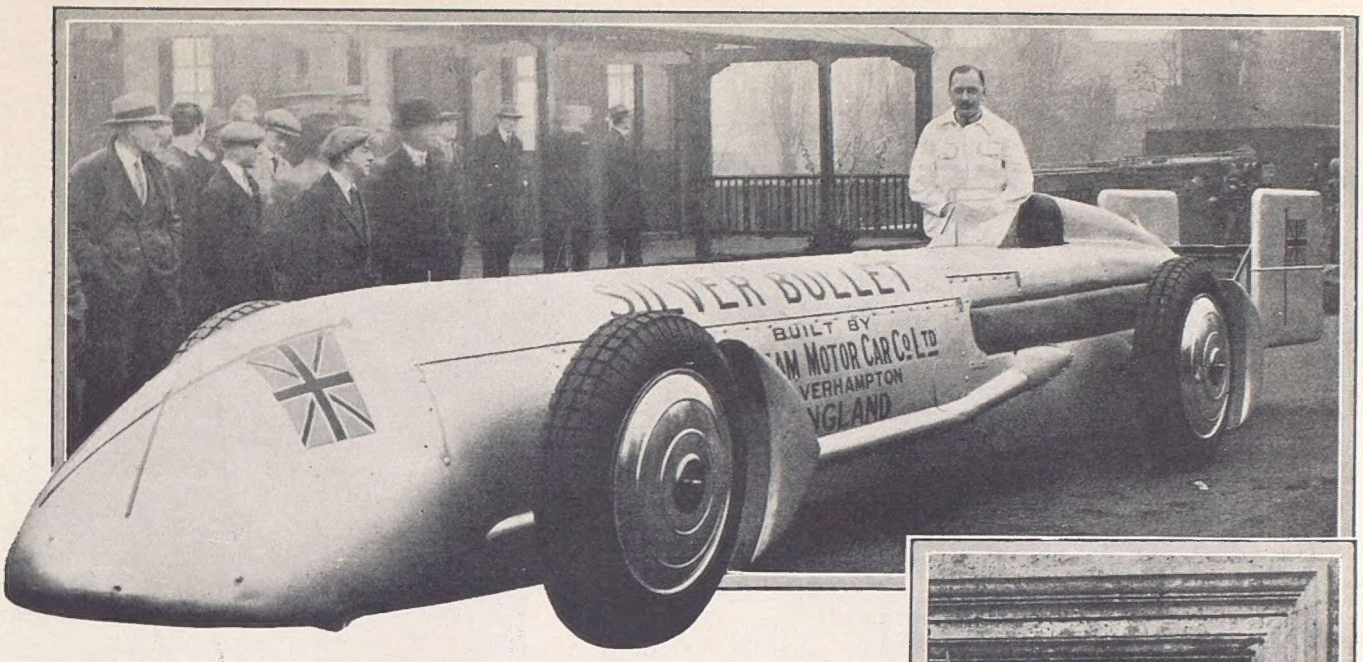


TO BEAT BRITAIN'S WORLD RECORD FOR SPEED? *Barratts*

Mr. Kaye Don, the famous racing motorist, with the new Sunbeam car, Silver Bullet, in which he hopes to break the world's speed record set up by Major Sir Henry Segrave. Mr. Kaye Don sailed for the States with the car last week on his way to Daytona

The Passing Hour

WHETHER the Naval Conference succeeds or fails or simply fades away I maintain that London is considerably indebted to it, and that, whatever else we may think of Mr. MacDonald, he is to be thanked for staging it in our midst. January and February have had all the social complexion of May and June. The Government receptions to the delegates, the individual receptions to the delegates, the delegates' receptions for themselves, all has stirred up a refreshing activity in what are usually two of the dullest months of the year. I am all for international conferences held in London, whatever their object, battleships, battling boxers, advertisers, Rotarians, wireless workers of the world, and what not. They provide admirable publicity for this island in the eyes of the world; in their wake come further visitors, and every traveller that sets foot on these shores represents an addition to the national income. Something more than half a million pounds will have been spent by the various delegations by the time the Naval Conference is concluded. Let us welcome and encourage these invisible imports, which must indeed help our trade.

A Bottle Party in Downing Street

IT is argued that we Britons conform too easily to altered conditions. We are too adaptable. Hitherto I had not suspected the Socialists of being susceptible to such influences, but with the advent of a bottle party at No. 10, Downing Street I shall only be mildly surprised to hear that Mr. MacDonald has put up for membership of the Carlton Club. This bottle party, given by Miss Ishbel MacDonald, was in aid of Charity, and I should hasten to add that such bottles as were brought by Lady Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Raphael, and Mrs. Richard Wagner contained nothing stronger than tea or lemonade. I don't quite know, however, whether that is not heaping insult upon injury to the traditions of No. 10!

The New Ladies' Carlton Club

THE Conservative Party can certainly offer potential women members the best social inducements to join their ranks. It would be worth while disposing of any Liberal or Socialist tendencies just to become a member of the new Ladies' Carlton Club, which is now in possession of

Central Press

Sir George Colthurst, the owner of Blarney Castle, beside the gateway which leads to the Old Tower which contains the famous Stone, reputed to impart the gift of persuasive speech when kissed. Sir George, the seventh Baronet, is a bachelor

A CONSERVATIVE RECEPTION

The Duke of Marlborough chatting with Mrs. Gray at a meet of the Cottesmore at Langham

the late Lord Iveagh's house in Grosvenor Place. "Delightful, delightful," Mrs. Baldwin declared, on her tour of the spacious rooms wherein are blue and damask chairs presented by Lady (Hamilton) Benn, further chairs by Lady Bennett and Mrs. Ernest White, and other conscientious Conservative ladies have been equally generous in assisting the club's decorative embellishment. I noticed that all the bedrooms did not possess their own bathrooms, as they would have done had the building been in France, though all possessed the convenience of running water in the rooms, one of the most hygienic domestic inventions of the age. With its squash rackets court and swimming bath the new club will be as popular with men guests as with the members themselves.

'Midst Conservative Pastures

MRS. BALDWIN was hostess herself to Conservatives two days later, at one of her Thursday receptions which all good Conservatives and her friends will have the opportunity of attending until Easter. Upper Brook Street is not Downing Street, but one only had to shut one's eyes and listen to the conversation to believe that Mr. Baldwin was once again Prime Minister and that once again the Tories were in occupation of the Government Front Bench. With Mrs. Baldwin, receiving the guests, was her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Howard—Miss Betty Baldwin is at Malta—and there was an imposing complement of Ambassadors and Ministers, as well as Lady Falmouth, Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, and Lady Desborough, who, with the return of the Court to London, will see less of her lovely place at Taplow.

Two more followers of the Cottesmore at Langham: Lord Blandford and Miss Nell Ward

Major and Mrs. Cantrell Hubbersty, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall and the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps, formerly the Duchess of Westminster. They are seen at the meet of the Cottesmore at Langham

DAPHNE DU MAURIER

NEXT WEEK

will contribute a striking article (one of three) entitled

"OUR ELDERS AND OUR——"

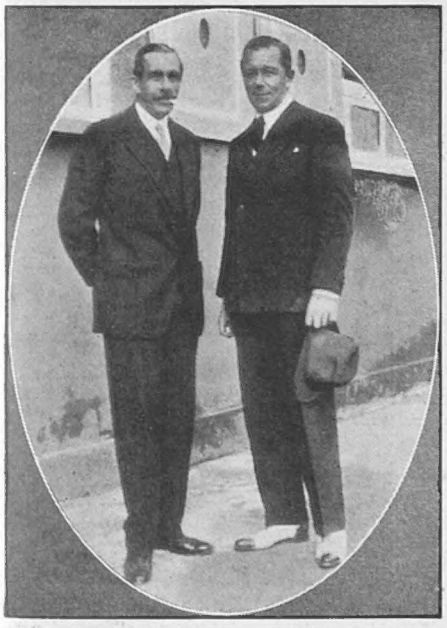
Sir Walter Gilbey and the Gee-Gees

WITH gold fob magnificent swinging upon a white double-breasted waistcoat, a malmaison in his buttonhole, and a cigar between his lips, Sir Walter Gilbey was the glass of fashion and the mould of form of the Shire Horse Show last

THE ACTIVITIES OF MR. BALDWIN

Mr. Stanley Baldwin at Denville Hall, Northwood, the Home of Rest for Aged Actors. He is seen with the Guard of Honour, which was armed with fully charged pipes. The ex-Premier was obviously amused by this theatrical "puff"

Planet News



Capt. Kasterine (right), owner of one of the fastest motor boats along the Côte d'Azur. With him is General Polotzoff, one of the leading figures in Monte Carlo Society and director of the popular Monte Carlo Beach

Topical Press

To-morrow (March 6) Mr. Baldwin will unveil a memorial in Victoria Tower Gardens to Mrs Pankhurst, the redoubtable leader of the Suffragettes. The above photograph of her arrest in in 1914 vividly recalls the strenuous days when the Votes for Women campaign was at its height, and the green, white and violet banner of Women's Suffrage fluttered to no small effect

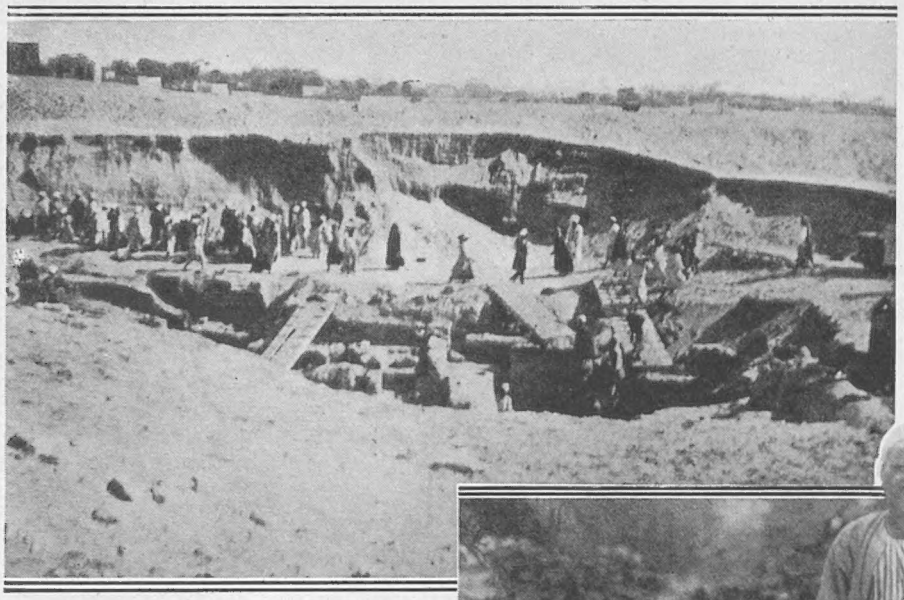
W. T. Tilden, the American lawn tennis star, who, with his compatriot, W. F. Coen, recently won the Men's Doubles in the Beaulieu Tournament. He is seen with two of his lawn tennis partners, Fräulein Cilly Aussem and Master Van-den-Bergh

week. Actually it was Mr. Lloyd who was president of this year's show, but it was Sir Walter's dynamic personality to whom the farmers and the stable lads turned as their virtual leader. I was a trifle dumbfounded when Sir Walter Gilbey declared that he was convinced that the horse is a necessity on the streets for certain work. Economically, it appears, it is still found cheaper to employ horses for delivery of goods that necessitate frequent stops, but this surely should not be permitted at the cost of extravagant delays to other means of transport. Horse traffic, in the opinion of the majority, should be confined to the side streets.

A "19th Hole" in Leicester Square

YOU probably did not know that there was a golf club house in Leicester Square. I certainly did not until one morning last week when I was taken to the Café Anglais. There, on the first floor, the Stage Golfing

TORQUAY'S NEW GOLF COURSE

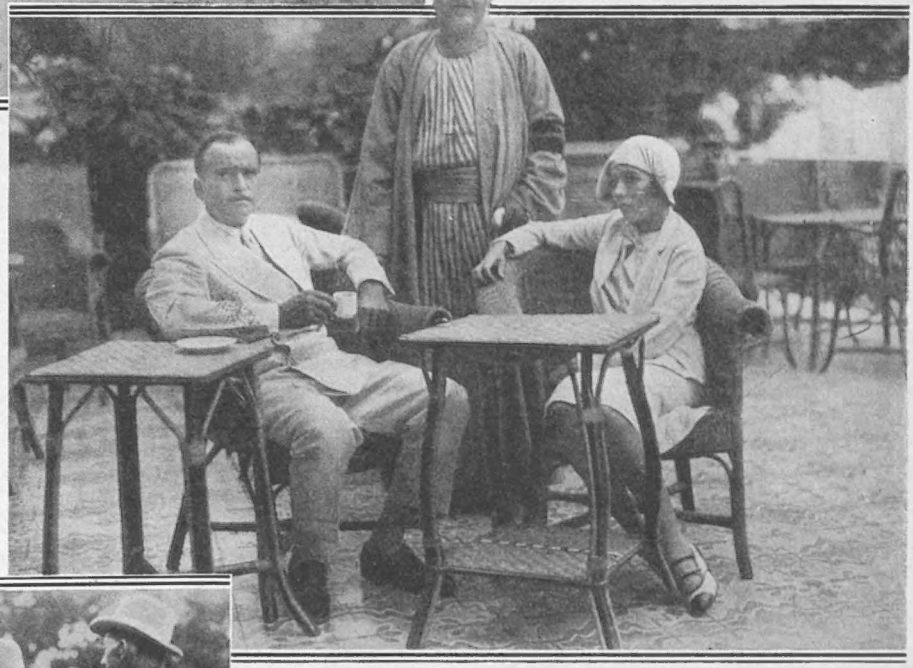


An exclusive view of the important excavations in the vicinity of the Sphinx, at the newly-found tomb of Ra-Ouer, now being carried out by Selim Bay Hassan. The tomb has brought to light much interesting jewellery and statuary in the labyrinthine buildings. The photograph was taken by our Special Correspondent in Egypt at no little risk, for the authorities veto all cameras

Society have been presented with club premises by the generosity of the Café Anglais management. It is undoubtedly the only "nineteenth hole" within sixty seconds of Piccadilly Circus, and I feel that under such benign influence as Mr. Leslie Henson, the president, Mr. Basil Foster, the captain, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mr. A. W. Baskcombe, Mr. N. Simonis, Mr. Tony Prinsep, Mr. Ernest Grahame, and Mr. Frank Boor, the effulgent and presiding spirit of the Hippodrome, there will shortly appear a chip and putting course in Leicester Square gardens; the last hole providing a nice shot over the cabmen's shelter given by Sir Squire Bancroft and into the club's lounge.

A Miniature Course

I WAS one of a party lately invited to Torquay in order to see how golfers of the greatest eminence overcame the difficulties of the new miniature golf course which Mr. G. W. Hands, the enterprising proprietor of the Palace Hotel, has had constructed in the extensive grounds. Although the holes are short and require almost only a mashie and a putter to go round with, the links are a real test of skill. In fact, so great a test are they that one of the most famous of our professionals found it necessary to use a third club—a niblick—and even though armed with this weapon it took him no fewer than seven strokes to do a hole of 120 yards! A circumstance which gave me—whose handicap verges on three figures—unlimited satisfaction! My kindness of heart forbids my mentioning his name, but I record here and now that Ted Ray, playing with a rock-like stolidity, won the competition, and in doing so beat such famous rivals as Abe Mitchell, George Gadd, Archie Compston, Len Holland, and Ernest Whitcombe, who won second prize.



Douglas Fairbanks taking a rest from his acrobatic feats. He is seen with his wife, Mary Pickford, on the verandah of Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo where they have recently been staying

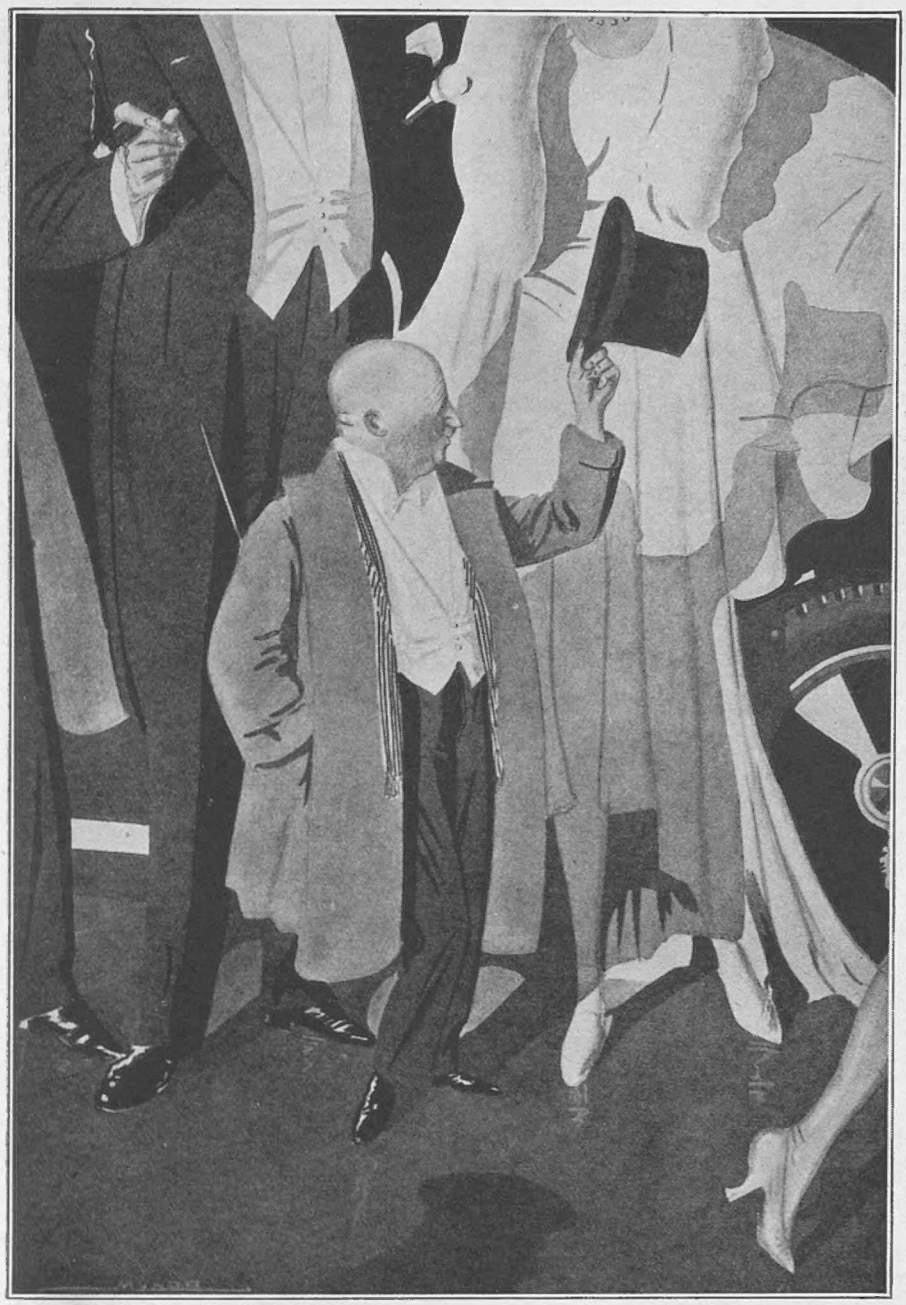
A group photographed at the Heliopolis Races in Egypt, where many well-known people were present. Above are seen Major-General the Hon. E. M. Stuart-Wortley, the father of Lady Loraine (left), Lord Cadogan and H.E. Sir Percy Loraine, High Commissioner for Egypt

Torquay for Entertainment

THERE is no lack of amusement to be found at the Palace Hotel, for in addition to golf one does not have to go outside the grounds to play lawn tennis, bowls, squash rackets, and badminton, while the thoroughly lazy need not go down to the sea to bathe for there is a fine swimming bath, the water in which, unlike the sea, is always at a temperature of 70 degrees, while after dinner amusements can be found in the fine dancing hall, where variety entertainments and cinema shows are given.

Some English seaside resorts complain that the railways do not provide an adequate service, but Devonshire is particularly well served by the Great Western Railway, and for comfort the Pullman Limited, which

A GREAT LITTLE MAN



An impression by Mundo of Mr. Harry Preston, who, though he has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, is still actively engaged in charitable works. He will once again organise at Brighton a Boxing Tournament in aid of Sussex Hospitals. Previous displays have yielded thousands of pounds to Charity, and all expenses are paid by the promoter

does the 200-mile journey from London in a little over 3½ hours, could not be beaten by any train in any country. It is no wonder that glorious Devon is becoming more and more popular as a holiday centre at all times of the year.

A visit paid to the Manor House Hotel, North Bovey, Moretonhamstead, is recalled by the fact that this company owns this beautiful hotel, built in the Jacobean style, and situated in its own extensive grounds on Dartmoor. The interior is as attractive as the elevation, with its fine oak panelling, stone arches and ceiling, and the whole already so mellowed by time that it is surprising to learn the building was completed only in 1907. For the flyfisher, the Manor House is an ideal centre, for fishing rights, including salmon as well as trout, belong to the hotel on a five-mile stretch on the River Teign.

Society Women as Italian Saints

WHAT fun girls have nowadays! Here they all are about to dress up as the figures in the Italian pictures at Burlington House, led by Lady Diana Duff Cooper, who has not appeared on the stage since she acted in *The Miracle*. I see that my favourite Martigna, "St. George," is to be impersonated by Lady Eleanor Smith, whose mother, Lady Birkenhead, is organising this matinée with Miss Olga Lynn for the afternoon of April 11 at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Lady Cynthia Asquith is to be Vivarini's "Madonna," Lady Lindsay-Hogg and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt are to compose a tableau of Leonardo da Vinci's "Virgin and Child," Mrs. Carl Bendix will be a Botticelli nymph, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley will be seen as a holy martyr, but the one who will receive the most instantaneous recognition will be Miss "Baby" Jungman. She has been given the part of Pollainolo's "Portrait of a Lady," which forms the exhibition's official poster. A Roman Catholic friend has protested vigorously against the irreligious nature of such tableaux, but for Charity's sake the means surely justify the end. Possibly my friend is unaware of the object of the matinée; it is for the General Lying-In Hospital. No Roman Catholic, I feel, can raise his hand against this cause.

Lenare

One of 1930's debutantes, Miss Hermione Littleton, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Edith Littleton, of Hatherton Hall, Cannock, Staffordshire. She will make her curtsy before Their Majesties at one of this year's Courts

GUNNERS AS MUMMERS

Central Press

WILL HE EFFECT A POLITICAL UNION?

Mr. L. S. Amery, whose independent attitude towards the question of Empire Free Trade has fluttered the Tory Central Office dovecotes, enjoying a holiday at Maloja far from Party worries. One of the most virile members of the late Government, his influence in the Conservative Party may prove a deciding factor in the Party programme

The Levelling Influence of the Screen

THE cinema seems to be a particularly democratic influence in our lives to-day, especially waiting in the almost inevitable queue when no seats have been reserved beforehand. I found myself behind a tall, gaunt figure the other evening that on a second glance proved to be none other than Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who is a persistent film-goer. He had not been standing there long before Mr. Selfridge came to his rescue by requesting the management to bring him two seats, which Mr. Shaw forthwith paid for out of a purse—surprising relic of sovereign days. With Mr. Selfridge were his daughter, Princess Wiasemski, and her husband, and I also caught sight of Lady Mary Montagu, the Duke of Manchester's daughter.

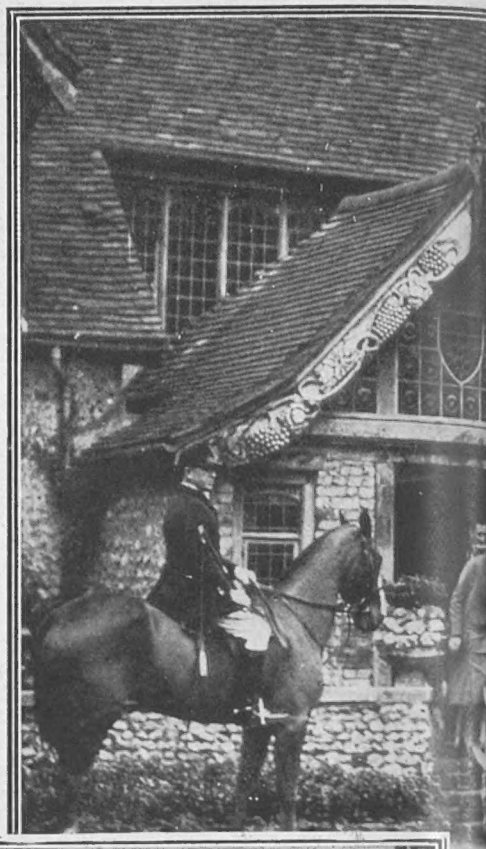
Exceptional for any film to secure such a "bag" of celebrities on any occasion but a first night, but then it was an exceptional film, "Disraeli," which must surely be one of the most estimable contributions to the talking film that Hollywood, with due acknowledgment to the genius of Mr. George Arliss, has yet made. If much of it is historical "poppycock," there is much more that is an admirable tonic to the development of the Empire spirit.

Gunners on the Stage

WHILE the drums of Waterloo were still echoing over Europe and George IV was making gay while the sun shone at Brighton an event took place at Woolwich that to-day, a hundred and ten years later, still provides many of the officers of the Royal Artillery mess with an annual flutter of excitement. This is the Royal Artillery Officers' Dramatic Club, which was founded in 1820. With the present theatrical popularity of nineteenth-century costumes and romance I wonder they have not revived one of their earliest performances; but they are doubtless right in depending on more exciting material, for during the Gunner Week at the Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, they are presenting *The Thirteenth Chair*, the thriller by Bayard Veiller, from March 10 to the 15th. Included in the cast is the name of Colonel Sir Richard Gethin, who, having begun his career in the Royal Artillery at Woolwich, and passed with considerable distinction through both the South African War and the European War, during which he was decorated with the D.S.O. and the Legion d'Honneur, has now returned to the scenes of his youth as officer in charge of the Royal Artillery records.

Visitors to Monte

AT Monte Carlo both the Sporting Club and the Cercle Privé have been very full indeed, and the latter (which, by the way, has a very nice new entrance for members, and a really excellent little restaurant where one can drop in and enjoy onion soup and sausages and mash without the trouble



Keystone View

"Jim" Thomas, otherwise the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, who was given the post so that he might reduce unemployment, which has since mounted to a fabulous figure. The other, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Minister for Labour, has proved departmentally and in Parliament ill-equipped for such an onerous post. They are seen entering the House of Commons, the grave of so many political hopes

RIVIERA ACTIVITIES

Express Photo

AT ONE OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES

The Southdown Hunt met recently at Rottingdean, on the Downs, near Brighton, in a picturesque setting. The pleasant rite of partaking of a stirrup cup is about to be celebrated

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

SOMNUS finished ninth in a field of fifteen in a three miles hurdle race at Kempton Park. There were lavish investments on him at 7 to 1. Was third in two previous races, the distance being two miles. Follow up with each-way wagers.

FORBRA carried "blower" money in the Leicestershire Handicap Hurdle, and was leading at the final flight. Was passed by Cardinal's Ring in the straight and finished second a length behind. Has won two races this season and should score again.

FRIAR DOMINIC was expected to win a two miles hurdle at Kempton, but met one too smart in On Approval, who started a hot favourite. Is a good-looking gelding by Friar Marcus. I confidently expect losses to be recovered.

CAROS was all the rage at 7 to 2 and 3 to 1 to good sums for the Moderate Handicap Hurdle, two miles, at Leicester. Martian, mentioned here as a "good thing," won the race, but Caros showed up well to occupy third place.

TREASURER was supported by "blower" money to beat the consistent Ormuzd, who won readily. The distance was two miles over hurdles and he ran well at the previous Plumpton meeting. Started second favourite at 100 to 30. One to spring a surprise.

LANGSIDE finished half a length behind Chang-Chia in a two miles Selling Hurdle at Leicester. Put in a strong challenge from the last hurdle. Has a win and a third to his credit this season and should score again.

Topical Press

IN ICY CALEDONIA

The long spell of frost which has held Scotland in its grip has at least revived the joys of such sports as curling and skating. Above are seen Miss Jean Boswell (left), who won the Quarter Mile Ladies' Race in the Scottish Skating Championships on Loch Leven, with Miss M. Grant and Mrs. E. Anderson, who finished second and third respectively

of getting into evening dress) is so crowded between tea and dinner that it is almost impossible ever to find a seat of any kind. At the Sporting quite a lot of people have been doing well just lately, and I saw Sir Joseph Tichborne and Mr. Phillips Oppenheim (just back from his long visit to Ceylon) both winning handsomely on number fourteen. The Grand Duke Dimitri, too, had a run of luck on twenty-nine. There is a wonderful new orchestra of Californian College boys at the Café de Paris.

Playtime at Nice and Beau Soliel

NICE has been tremendously en fête, for the Nicois take their carnival preparations very seriously, and it is interesting to realise that over three thousand pounds is spent on the quaint papier mâché figures and giant heads which form the procession. The Palais de la Méditerranée is full every afternoon now, and, although the place is so huge that one could put down a couple of covered lawn tennis courts in the restaurant, there is hardly a seat to be had. The big chess tournament has been one of the attractions, and I was glad to hear Sir George Thomas, that famous English champion, still heads the list. Miss Paris is another of the attractions at the Palais de la Méditerranée, and she was a very prominent figure at the last gala, when she sat under a canopy of red and blue. An enormous crowd congregated outside the Palais to see a new "talkie" film which is being made of this famous beauty. There was a huge crowd at the Anglo-French boxing gala up at Beau Soliel, and a great many well-known sportsmen were present. The big fight, in which Kid Socks was rather unexpectedly beaten by Young Denain, was the star turn of the evening, but the previous item on the programme, where Jack Hudson defeated the "Young Cyclone," produced great applause from the crowded and distinguished audience that had an evening of thrills.

SPORT IN CANADA

Canadians making a fine catch of jackfish from Crean Lake, Prince Albert. Lady Kitty Vincent, in the following article, suggests that Canadian sympathies are being alienated through our disregard of their susceptibility, and that we are driving them into the arms of the United States

LADY KITTY VINCENT

writes on

CULTIVATING CANADA

It is an amazing fact, but a depressing one, that Canada, which is ready and anxious to be staunchly Imperial, is being left through our carelessness to fall into the arms of America. Make no mistake; the United States are doing everything they can to make a good impression on their next-door neighbour, that is to say, those in authority are exerting every effort. Mercifully for us the type of American tourist that visits Canada is so impossible that he undoes much of the good effected by politicans. Were it not for this the situation would be far more serious.

These tourists treat Canada as though it were a half-savage and half-developed country. They come to the best hotels, chiefly to drink, flocking over the frontier at the week-ends and soaking steadily. In winter, the women appear in the most marvellous sports clothes, in which they spend the entire day, not even troubling to change for dinner; in summer they walk about in white breeches and sleeveless jumpers. The average Canadian dislikes the average American, but the politicians in the latter country are fully aware of the importance of missing no chance to woo their Miss Canada, and not long ago I was present at a banquet where an American made the cleverest and most conciliatory speech that I have ever heard. Prejudiced though I was, I am sure that if I had been a Canadian I should have been influenced in favour of America.

It is so easy to be friendly with Canadians, for they go out of their way to do everything they can for an English visitor.

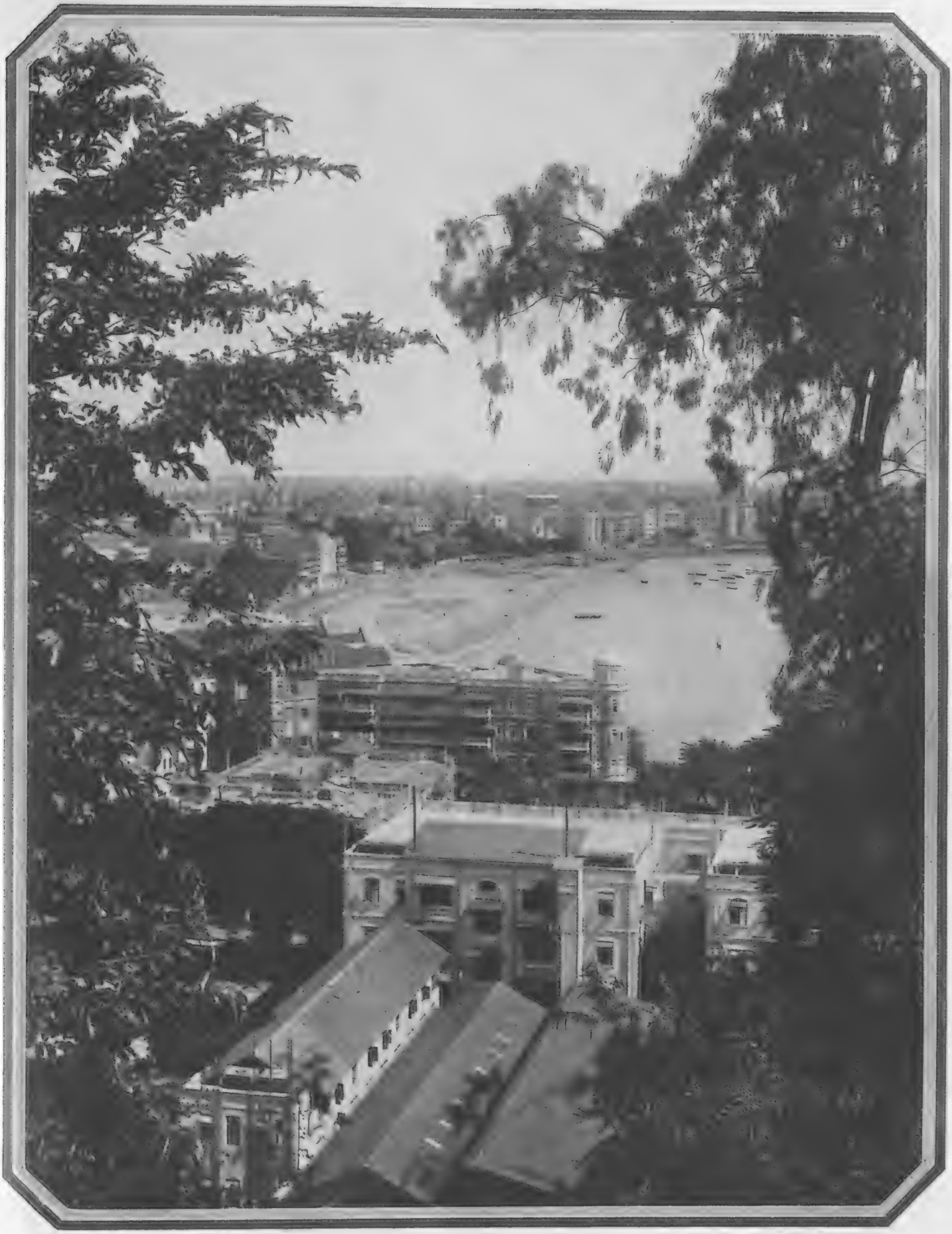
Quite apart from the hospitality of personal friends, which is amazing, you meet with nothing but courtesy in shops and hotels. I have visited Canada several times, and I have never found anybody who was not willing and anxious to explain any difficulty that you may encounter. Not long ago I wasted at least a quarter of an hour in a Post Office through my stupidity in dealing with a money order, and in the end I decided not to send it. I apologised and was told that I was "welcome," and she had been only too glad to help me.

It is the same at stations and in dining cars. Everywhere they do their best to be helpful. But, unfortunately, the average Englishman visiting Canada does little to cement the warm friendship that ought to exist between the two countries. He is much too apt to treat Canada as he does Germany and France—as a strange land where the inhabitants must be crazy because they do not conform to English habits. He has done the same in India for centuries, but in that case, where he is the master, it is of small importance. In Canada, where he is meeting his equals, he tries to behave in the same way, and the results are not conducive to friendship. It is easy to say that visitors of whatever nationality are never representative, but unfortunately it is only from meeting them that the mass of people can form any impression of England as a whole, and unless we are careful we shall alienate the Canadian nation.

Raphael

LADY KITTY VINCENT

Who contributes this article, has travelled extensively and writes with authority. She is the sister of Lord Airlie and the wife of Lieut.-Colonel R. G. Ritson



The Indian State Railways

OUR EMPIRE

Picturesque Bombay. A view of Back Bay seen from Malabar Hill, the favourite residential quarter for Europeans. This great Indian port, built on a peninsula, has a population of well over a million inhabitants and, besides being one of the most beautiful cities in the world, is one of the most flourishing centres in the whole of the British Empire

OUR "STARS" OF THE WEEK

More Penalty Guineas

IN these four photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad

Miss Paris, the newly elected Beauty Queen, with some of her friends and admirers. The photograph was taken at a fête held in her honour at the Palais de la Mediterranée, at Nice

Abe Mitchell, in play, and his opponent, Archie Compston, standing beside the tee during the recent Professional competition at Torquay. It was held on the new nine holes course in the grounds of the Palace Hotel

The start of the Grand March at the recent Children's Fancy Dress Ball in Inverness. It was held in aid of the Northern Infirmary and was attended by a large number of little people

Members of the Cercle Francais of King's College, London, in a scene from "Sous les Genous des Amazons," the play by Jean Richard Bloch, which has for its theme the subjugation of man in the thirtieth century. The play was given in the Great Hall of King's College

AMERICAN CRIME—CAUSE and EFFECT

By COLLINSON OWEN

IN this final article on American crime Mr. Collinson Owen sums up the main causes which have made the U.S.A. a byword with its non-stop run of murderous melodrama

One difficulty in writing about American crime is that the subject will not stand still to be photographed. It is constantly on the run, and always beating its own records.

Thus, while these articles have been appearing in THE BYSTANDER we have had the news of the collapse of Chicago's municipal finances. What could be more melodramatic than this spectacle of one of the richest cities in the world finding itself with an empty treasury because of the wholesale operations of political graft hand in hand with organised crime?

ENGLAND is at last gradually awakening to the idea that there is really something startlingly different about American civilisation as compared with our own. But, despite all the news of crime—little drops out of the bucket—that come across the Atlantic, that comprehension is still slight. So many other things veil the reality. With a great Naval Conference proceeding in London, in which America stands in the forefront of all idealism, we forget the policemen of Chicago walking about with no money in their pockets and their hands more than usually ready to their guns.

But one must be fair. There are splendid citizens in America as elsewhere, men who are appalled by the social mess into which their country has drifted. The truth is that with America the good is mixed up with the bad in a fashion such as exists nowhere else in the world.

The situation, indeed, is so difficult that one may almost pardon the best of Americans for saying: "Well, I can't alter it. The situation's too big for me. The best thing I can do is to forget it and carry on with my business."

That is the exact explanation of the astonishing situation in Chicago. Side by side two "idealisms" have grown up there for years past. On the one hand the desire of many of the best citizens to see their city the finest in the United States, an ideal which they have gone far to realise. On the other the desire of the politicians and their criminal associates to keep their own lucrative affairs to themselves—an ideal in which they have been uniformly successful.

THE two worlds do not mix. Committees of leading citizens have been responsible for town planning and architectural embellishment. The ward politicians have looked after the graft, the "vice dens," the gigantic "booze interests," and the rest. East Side is East and West Side is West, and so they remain perpetually.

The degree of one city's subservience to graft may differ from another's, but the principle is the same everywhere. The other day, for instance, I found the whole front page of a Brooklyn newspaper devoted to the necessity of a "probe" into the known crookedness of certain New York magistrates. In England such an article would cause an appalling uproar. There such an article is but the slightest ripple on the surface, forgotten the day after publication.

ONE day I had a long talk with one of the best-known magistrates of all the United States; a man of undoubted high integrity. We were sitting in a city region long notorious for its lawlessness. I found he was so depressed about the general situa-

DRUNCLE SAM! By ALFRED LEETE

An exclusive photograph of Joan Clarkson, one of the stars of C. B. Cochran's "1930 Revue," as she appears in a talkie which will precede the revue proper at the London Pavilion, as a novel means of introducing the company to the audience. The picture was made by British Instructional Films and this is the first time such a medium of introduction has been used in the legitimate theatre

tion that it was difficult to question him about it. He felt helpless. Our talk was confidential, which is why I have wrapped it up here.

As recently as last autumn certain leading citizens of Chicago produced a wonderful volume of more than a thousand pages which was a most careful study and analysis of crime in their city. Years of work by various committees had gone to the making of it.

These upright Chicago citizens made a close study of gangster mentality and found:

"The gangster is a product of his surroundings (the slums) in the same way in which the good citizen is a product of his environment. The good citizen has grown up in an atmosphere of obedience to law and respect for it. The gangster has lived his life in a region of law breaking, of graft and of 'fixing.' That is the reason why the good citizen and the gangster have never been able to understand each other. They have been reared in two different worlds."

Following the breakdown of its finances the recent "drive" against criminality in Chicago has been, perhaps, the most vigorous in its history. The rats of the underworld have been rounded up by the thousand (most of them, of course, to be immediately turned loose again) and satisfaction has been expressed that armed hold-ups dropped from a hundred daily to the modest figure of fifteen or so.

However, nobody really important was rounded up, and the only thing we can be certain of is that this pressure will pass and things become as they were before. The reason is that the "basic causes" were not disturbed.

What are they? The answer is eternally the same, the combination of graft and politics. It is a system which steadily grew throughout the nineteenth century, and its ramifications are incredible and universal. It is indeed so deeply rooted that one does not see how America is to rid herself of the evil. It is a situation which in many ways demands our sympathy, although America would, no doubt, hotly resent any expression of it.

With such a widespread system of political protection for favoured and organised evildoers it is not surprising that casual banditti should be what it is. To these aspects must be added the brutality of a large proportion of the police and prison officials and the relentless hate of the average crook or "thug" for the average "cop."

To all this must be added, further, the truly terrific evils produced by Prohibition with, on the one hand, its protected millionaire bootleggers, and on the other the hard-faced Federal Prohibition agents (some of them ex-convicts) who are empowered to shoot citizens practically with impunity, and many of whom are utterly corrupt. The law often not only protects lawlessness, but employs it. The whole produces a hell-broth of crime, fantastically mixed, such as no civilised community has ever seen before; a situation which is sometimes naïvely "given away" in films depicting life on Broadway, and just as naïvely misunderstood by the British public, who think they are seeing a highly coloured "crook film" and not something that is a pale reflection of real life.

There are many admirable qualities in American life, and England holds no lack of admirers of all things American; admirers sometimes so fierce in their zeal that they refuse to see anything wrong. But no picture of America to-day can be a just one which does not put into the forefront of the scene (and not behind) this amazing daily melodrama of crime.

As I wrote in "The American Illusion," America must some day conquer crime, or crime will end by conquering her. Some day there will be a real explosion, and the crisis will probably come on the question of Prohibition.

C. O.

ANOTHER BIG HOLD-UP IN THE WEST END! BY HYNES

GOLF at the PALACE HOTEL, TORQUAY

G. Marshall Smith

Ernest Whitcombe, who did a hole in one over the new nine holes course at the Palace Hotel, Torquay. Above right: Ted Ray, the winner, is in action, whilst immediately below Archie Compston is seen with Abe Mitchell

G. Marshall Smith

F. Parkin

F. Parkin

George Gadd was among those who took part in the recent golf competition over the cleverly laid out course at the Palace Hotel

G. Marshall Smith

FAMOUS GOLFERS AT TORQUAY

The well-known professional golfers who took part in the recent competition over the nine holes course in the grounds of the Palace Hotel, at Torquay. They are: Back row, A. R. Wheildon and Len Holland, Centre, Mr. E. H. Reeves, Mr. E. Cowney, Ted Ray and L. E. Bowers. Seated, Ernest Whitcombe (left), Abe Mitchell, Mr. G. W. Hands, of the Palace Hotel, Archie Compston, and George Gadd

The STAGE ACTORS in ACTION at MOOR PARK

Sport and General

Major John Hay Beith (Ian Hay) driving off for the Stage Golfing Society in their recent match at Moor Park against the Professionals. He was beaten by James Ockenden by 5 and 4

The recent Professional competition over the new nine holes course in the grounds of the Palace Hotel, at Torquay, provided some excellent sport. Although the course is a miniature one, it has been so cleverly planned and laid out that even the leading professionals often found themselves well and truly bunkered. Ted Ray proved the winner, and Ernest Whitcombe was second after a tie with Abe Mitchell. The match between the Professionals and the Stage Golfing Society was another interesting event. Played over the Moor Park course, where THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy Competition will take place this year, it resulted in a decisive win for the Pros., who beat their opponents by 13½ to 8½

F. Parkin

A view of the course at Moor Park during the recent match between Professionals and the Stage Golfing Society. The former won by 13½ to 8½

Topical Press

Mr. Godfrey Tearle (left) with his opponent, Alex. Herd, of Moor Park He was among those who lost their match, being beaten by Herd 5 and 4

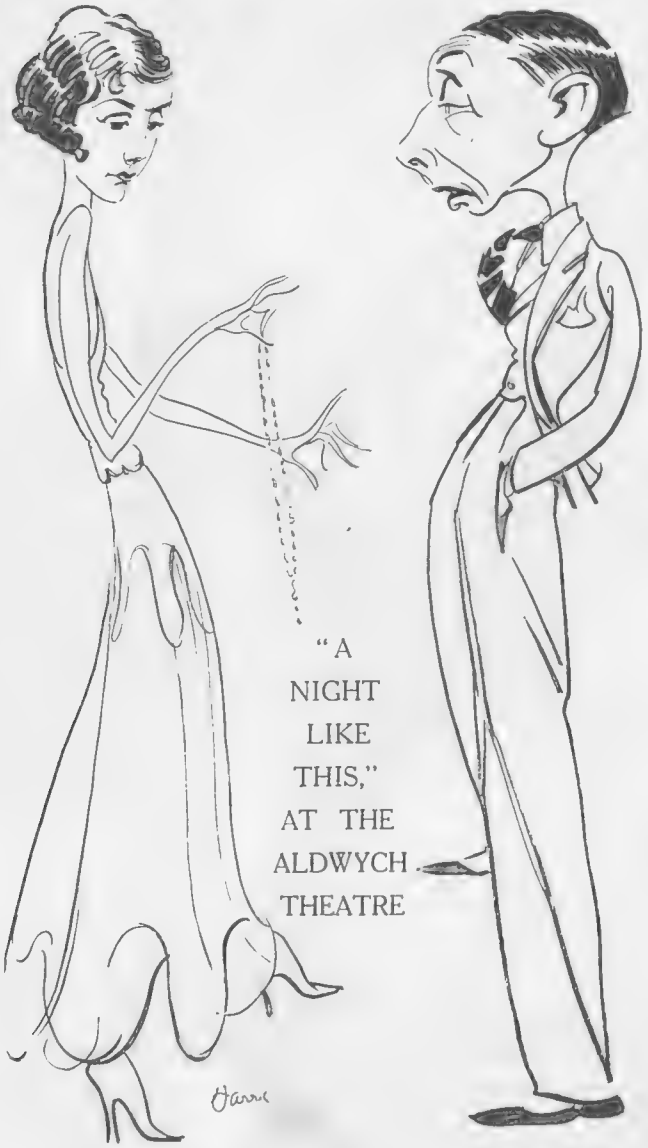
AT THE PLAY

MUSICAL COMEDY MIXTURE AS

THERE is a proverb which tells us that where there's a will there's a way. A long course of theatre-going leads me to the opinion that another vital truth is that where there's a will there's a play, even though on countless occasions stage testators are so extremely mad that their legacies would be pronounced null and void by the Court of Probate, Admiralty and Divorce.

AN insane condition plays an important part in the plot of *Here Comes the Bride*, a musical farcical comedy by R. P. Weston and Bert Lee, which has, for the time, rescued the Piccadilly Theatre from the talkies. Why the testator wished a certain Spanish woman to marry a man called Frederick Tile and, if she failed to do so, sacrificed a fortune, I really do not know—neither, I shrewdly suspect, do the authors of a play, Edgar MacGregor and Otto Harbach, on which this musical comedy was founded.

OF course, the hero in *Here Comes the Bride* is a certain Frederick Tile, an impecunious solicitor—one, as I gathered, expecting to be called to the Bar!—and who, contrary to his client's wishes, buys a concession in Spain for four thousand pounds with that gentleman's money. As this client is also the father of the girl beloved of this hero it is essential that the money should be repaid.



"A NIGHT LIKE THIS," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

Cora Mellish (Winifred Shotter) and Aubrey Slot (Kenneth Kove), the heroine and priceless idiot in Ben Travers's new farce, attempt to extract "fat" from "thin" parts

TO secure more than sufficient to appease this prospective father-in-law Frederick marries—and immediately leaves—a Spanish lady who only enters into matrimony to secure the legacy, and it is because he is married that Frederick cannot accept the offer of the girl he really loves when she comes to him to suggest a runaway match. Thus, at the end of Act I, we have the misunderstanding between hero and heroine—a situation almost essential in the world of musical comedy!

AFTER the usual interval to give the audience time to recover from the shock of this affecting parting the action hastens, and certain farcical situations which were evidently lifted from the original—or, rather, the play on which the story is founded—are given a chance of showing their paces. I had fond hopes of also seeing Howell, Harger and Naldi showing *their* very wonderful paces in another of the acrobatic dances in which they indulged in the first act, but, to my regret, they did not do so again, and it was left to the principals, helped by a well-trained chorus, to conclude the story in the usual improbable manner.

THE company engaged cannot be said to hold a long suit in voices, for their singing of Mr. Arthur Schwartz's music is hardly up to operatic form. This is a pity, for much of it struck me as being quite pretty, and a duet, "High and Low," has such a catchy tune that it is likely to become a horrid nuisance before we have heard the last of it!

BEFORE By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "A Night Like This," at the Aldwych Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

Miles Tuckett (J. Robertson Hare), thanks to the wiles of P.C. Michael Marsden (Tom Walls), being bereft of his trousers, is unable to keep an appointment. The super-respectable Mrs. Decent (Mary Brough) bristles in the bac'ground

THE part of the heroine is played by Jean Colin, who is almost too "refeened" for words. I "weesh" she would "remembah" to keep her refinement of speech "weethin" limits, and that such a simple word as "did" need not be pronounced "deed," even though act and deed be closely allied. Vera Bryer, in an important part, is almost as arch as her eyebrows, and of the three women principals I preferred Maria Minetti, who, with less chances, was effective in a Spanish part.

AMONGST the men the management have gone to the "legit" for their principals, and both Edmund Gwenn (irate father) and Clifford Mollison (harassed hero) play the fool with extreme competence. I sincerely hope that the large emoluments paid by musical comedy managements to accomplished actors act as a salve to their regrets in not appearing in plays more worthy of their ability. Richard Dolman (second juvenile lead) and Albert Brouett (excitable Spaniard) keep things going brightly in front of some scenery which is not always appropriate, even in musical comedy. For instance, the office of the hero—called "chambers" on the programme—reminded me of a pantomime set, a frowsy night club, and a second-hand furniture dealer's, but never once of Lincoln's Inn.

I HAVE mentioned that the chorus was well trained. Once more our eyes were gladdened with the sight of well-drilled girls going through a course of evolutions with perfect precision. But such chorus work is nowadays so common that it almost ceases to attract! I beg an enterprising management to give us variety by letting a chorus make a hash of a number! Like the skilful acrobat who pretends to fail in a difficult feat at the first attempt but ultimately triumphs, so could the chorus evolute perfectly at the second time of asking. The first attempt might be made really funny—because it would be so unexpected!

"A Night Like This" at the Aldwych Theatre

I REVIEWED this play last week after being present at the first night, which, I have reason to believe, was also the *worst* night, as sometimes happens even with the best regulated companies. Even old hands who have played together times without number are liable to suffer from nerves, and there was a bad attack of these when *A Night Like This* was first seen at the Aldwych Theatre. My artist friend, H. H. Harris, tells me that when he was present at a later performance this farce did what a farce sets out to do—it excited laughter loud and long. V. W.

Clifford Tope (Ralph Lynn), becoming involved with crooks, makes great play with a poker on the pates of a pair of them

THE CREATOR VERSUS THE COPYIST

By Blanche B. Elliott

IN the slight breathing space afforded now the first frenzied rush of buyers is over stock may be taken as to how trade wags in la haute couture. Many have been complaining that it is not so good, and that American buyers have not purchased so heavily as usual. They have spent less but looked longer, is the general complaint. None, however, would admit any falling off in their purchases. With the incurable optimism of the States they regarded the Wall Street debacle as merely clearing the air and that things would right themselves soon. I was also told of certain Paris houses who had never sold so much as in the first few days this season—so it is difficult to know what to believe!

CERTAIN it is that the German buyers appeared to be in Paris in full force and, whether a debtor nation or not, seemed to have plenty of money to spend. Their guttural accents were heard at big and little collections, but chiefly the former, where the highest priced models were to be found. The English buyers generally seem to hang back a bit and come later.

THERE is no doubt that the greatest deterrent to buying from the big houses is the presence of the copyist who can produce the same gowns a week or two later at a much lower price. It is an enemy within the camp, and there is a great nervousness always felt on this account. They have now set up so efficient a secret service that they are extremely difficult to trace. There is a story of one première of a big house running her own establishment a few doors away where she sold copies of the house she was working for and had been doing so for years before being found out! Others sell the exact patterns within a few days of their showing for a pound or two. As the French couturiers contribute many millions to the export trade, they are appealing for the protection of the law for that most difficult of copyrights—the creation of ideas.

IT seems ungenerous to come and steal a model when it can be bought for anything upwards of £24. One New York buyer told me she purchased a debutante's model from Hartnell which "went over big" in the States so that every debutante in the city wanted to possess one, and she actually sold fifty copies of the original. In such a case even a large outlay can scarcely be grudged!

CHANEL, well known for her sports wear, showed many suits and dresses that will especially appeal to an English clientele. She is partial to English mannequins; one whose extremely "English" pronunciation of the number she represented made many a buyer crane his neck and ask again before he could understand! Chanel is faithful to the jersey and tricot against which Patou has declared for "une foule de raisons." Nevertheless, unless I am much mistaken, his collection included one or two of this extraordinarily useful fabric. Chanel has given them a more tailored line, and uses them with tweeds in a fascinating variation. The short hip-length coats are there with contrasting jerseys cut like belted waistcoats. Others are "tuck-in" or with short rippling basques. Very many little one-piece frocks with fitted waists have skirts with "movement" supplied by godets or pleats, and a new ribbed or fluted pleat. The long coat showed a more fitted line, often shaping in to the waist, frequently lined with a printed crêpe to match the frock it was worn with. Lines are still horizontal and patterns are smaller. Dots are favoured, and a few "dazzle" designs were shown. Capes were prominent, either separate or attached to a long coat.

Patou uses taffeta with a black ground printed in rose, green and yellow to create this charming evening frock. Slightly gathered on hips with a large bow on one side, it is worn with a short coat bordered with sable

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

AGNÈS is interesting as usual on the subject of the new season's hats. Wide-brimmed, lacy straws, so open as to be quite transparent, are favoured, trimmed quite a bit with ribbon. One delightful idea is to pass the ribbon round the crown, but underneath it so that it shows through the straw. Then there will be bonnets for those young enough to wear them successfully (and let us pray that those who can't, won't!). She takes a fine straw mixture, originated by herself to confound the copyist, and crochets it, fits it close to the head, and then swirls a piece of satin ribbon round one side to tie in like a fisher girl's knot. She uses the new light tweedy straws to form a toque, something very far removed from the English conception of this type of headgear, by the way.

SUZANNE TALBOT has quite a delightful way of treating the wide hat. She turns it sharply back off the face and then lifts the wide brim at the back off the shoulders (always a difficult line) by pressing a crease down it so that it stands out and up stiffly at the back. She makes a charming little bonnet in a blue lacy straw with a rosebud at the chin to wear with a frock which falls in a cascade of frills from waist to feet.

PATOU's new perfume, "Le Sien," is described as a "perfum masculin pour la femme 'sport.'" Judging by the entrancing odour which came from the tiny bottle encased in a blue and silver cardboard book which was charmingly presented to the Ladies of the Pen it should have a big vogue. It has a delicious quality in its fresh tang which makes it a fitting accompaniment to the sports kit.

FINE straw is used in unusual ways, some frocks being composed entirely of it. Lelong has a model in black crin which gives the outstanding effect round the feet so much sought after. He uses what looks like a fine lacy crin to stiffen out the side frill-panniers of a pink lace evening frock. Worth has a model entirely composed of shiny, patterned white straw outlined with black, and also uses it to form blouses in an original manner.

A model from Suzanne Talbot's new summer collection of a sleeveless frock of spotted red and white silk with a handkerchief effect in its plain red and white border and triangular cape. The top tunic frills stand out from the tighter underskirt. The wide-brimmed hat is in two-toned straw *Model Suzanne Talbot*

DIANA WYNYARD'S SUCCESS Stage Photo Co.

Ursula (Diana Wynyard) plays cat and mouse with Harry (Robert Holmes) in the daring bedroom scene of "Honours Easy," the dramatic comedy by Roland Pertwee at the St. Martin's Theatre

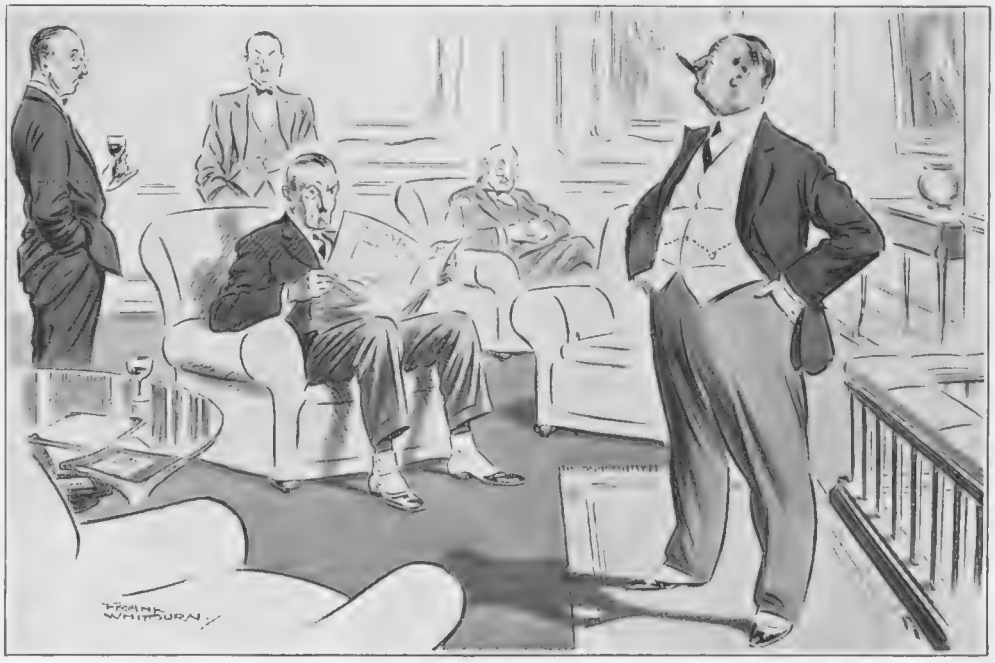
if . . .

American daily papers published in Paris without finding a reference to American "war veteran" associations, to memorial buildings, to plaque-unveilings, to flag-hoistings, to "gold-star mother" marchings, and all the rest of it.

ONE does not wish to judge what America did in the War by comparing the tiny U.S.A. casualty lists with those of France and England. It is a macabre method, and rather a caddish one. But America makes it most difficult to refrain from suggesting that here is a case of self-glorification (in the matter of war heroism and self-sacrifice) being in inverse ratio to deeds performed that have earned it. In other words, the nation that is shouting the most did infinitely and ludicrously the least. That one could read the aforesaid journals from end to end for a month without being aware that England had anything to do with the War at all is not a matter that worries us in the least. If America chooses to suggest this and Frances chooses to believe it, let 'em.

WE hear much to-day of the American fleet. Of how big it is, of how much bigger they want it to be (and very soon, I will bet H.M.S. Nelson to the Clacton Belle, of how much bigger it will

LET us start, for once in a way, with a line from one Quintus Horatius Flaccus, commonly known, like Mr. Justice Avory, as 'Orace. Exegi monumentum aere perennius, he wrote about a couple of thousand years ago (so I suppose the copyright has lapsed). This, as Mr. J. L. Sacks would tell you, means "I have built up a monument more lasting than brass." Nothing could, however, be more lasting than the brass of our American friends, and the super-distilled essence of it is to be found in their cock-a-whooping about their War exploits. This is not merely, as I have already said, lasting. The longer it lasts, the larger it grows. For the past dozen years France has been full of it, and one cannot get through a column of any of the



By Frank Whitburn

Motoring Bore (*having reduced audience to verge of frenzy*): "Next week I'm driving from John o' Groats to Land's End."
Voice From Armchair: "I suppose you *must* stop when you get to Land's End?"

gossip we must..

Miss Barbara Crosby, the principal dance hostess at the Café de Paris, will demonstrate a new tango, "The Coqueta," at the Albert Hall this month. Miss Crosby, when running a school in Malaga, taught H.M. the Queen of Spain and her children, the Prince of Asturias, and the Infantas Beatrice and Maria Cristina, how to Charleston

be, in spite of the Conference and global tonnage, for parity of motives is doubtful). During the War we heard but little of it. In order to balance this, America is to build up yet another War monument in France. The "American Battle Monument Commission" is to erect a colossal granite tower overlooking the sea at Brest "pour commémorer la participation de la flotte Américaine aux opérations sur la Manche et l'ocean de 1914 à 1918." Considering that America did not come into the War at all until 1917, we can wash out 1914, 1915 and 1916 altogether as regards the participation of the American Fleet anywhere in anything.

As to 1917 and 1918, I am trying to remember a single engagement in which that fleet took any part whatever. A large portion of the American fleet, however, certainly did spend a great deal of time braving the enemy's shot and shell at the Azores. Since it was a dry fleet the price of alcoholic drinks went up with a bound at Ponta Delgada, and had remained "up" when I visited that pleasant spot a couple of years ago to such an astounding extent that I would suggest the erection of another granite tower overlooking that harbour pour commémorer, etc., etc.

By Houghton

He: "It really seems a shame that whenever a theatre puts on a decent moral play the thing's a fiasco, and yet for these sex plays one can never get a seat"
She: "No, but one can always try!"

When authors, producers, composers, dance-arrangers, etc., appear on the stage at the first night of a musical play they should either be introduced by the stentorian dignity of Mr. Knightsmith, the famous toastmaster (who, his banquets being over by that time, could easily pop along in his red tail-coat), or they should wear their names on sandwich-boards. At present it is all very puzzling to those people who are not in the know, and sometimes even to those who are. You are not quite certain as to whom you are applauding or booing, as the case may

Alice Nikitina, the famous ballerina, who appears with Serge Lefar in C. B. Cochran's "1930 Revue." It opened at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, on March 4, and later will come to the West End

A NAME FOR LONDON'S NEW THEATRE

be. On the first night of *The Brides in the Bath,* as a friend of mine will insist on calling the new musical comedy, *Here Comes the Bride,* which recently opened at the Piccadilly Theatre, one of the few theatres to be reclaimed from the films, four men in evening dress

A photograph specially taken for THE BYSTANDER *by Raphael of Miss Kay Hammond, the amusing young person who has scored a great success in her first big West End part, that of Beatrice, the Cockney mannequin in "From Ten to Six," at the Apollo Theatre. She comes of a well-known theatrical family, being the daughter of Sir Guy Standing and Lady Standing, whose stage name is Dorothy Hammond*

appeared on the stage, looking as if they might be the Gresham Singers. They were, in fact, Mr. Julian Wylie (who made a speech), a couple of authors, and a man who had drilled the chorus. All looked supremely self-conscious, as, in the atmosphere of overpowering gentility shed by the heroine, well they might.

JUNE, with three rows of pearls, and Lord Inverclyde sat in the stalls, having, for some inscrutable reason, seen the piece several times when it was in the chrysalis stage up North. She looked extremely pretty and prosperous, and wore short, white gloves—one on one hand and one on the other (I am always explicit in matters of fashion). Vi Loraine was there, too, and told me that she had the previous afternoon taken her two small sons to Drury Lane pantomime. It was in a Drury Lane pantomime that Vi made her first appearance on any stage—and in the chorus. She then swore quickly to herself that if ever she did return to "the Lane" she would return as "principal boy." Sure enough, she did so. Margaret Bannerman, amazingly graceful and lovely in black velvet, was also in the stalls; I was sorry to hear that her husband, Tony Prinsep, had been rather seriously ill.

THE Piccadilly Theatre, not being in Piccadilly, is not easy to find, and the management did well in giving a répétition générale with a thousand taximen as audience. So, of course, I chose about the only taximan in London who had not been invited. We arrived only "eventually." I am glad to see, therefore, that is has been decided not, after all, to call the new theatre in Soho "the Ritz," for it is nowhere near the hotel of that name. But the fresh title, the "Prince Edward Theatre," is a bit of a mouthful, and might, also, lead to confusion. For there is a Princes Theatre and a Prince of Wales Theatre, and in Oxford Street, long ago put to other uses, still stands the old Princess's Theatre, where, before many of our bright young know-alls in the dramatic critic line were born, I remember being thrilled by such melodramas as *The Fatal Wedding* and *Two Little Vagabonds.*

Dudley Rolph, who is singing and dancing with marked success in The Splendide Splendid Show. One of the brightest cabaret entertainments in Town, two different versions—one at dinner and one at supper—are given every evening at the Hôtel Splendide

Margery Gascoigne, seen in the centre with the ball, the Rugger scene in "The House that Jack Built." THE with any other theatrical team of attractive

NOW that the spring is drawing on and the rising of the sap turns a young man's fancy to thoughts of Paris (strictly on business), I would suggest that an aeroplane should leave Paris early enough in the morning to enable that young man to tackle a day's work in London with what appetite he may. The Air Union run a machine about 9 a.m. in addition to their comfortable "Rayon d'Or" (with drinks on board) at 1.30 p.m.; but the first does not enable one to be back in time to put in an appearance at office, factory, shop, emporium or other wage-earning messuage before lunch, and the second, though wonderfully swift, means that the afternoon is almost over before one is at Croydon. What would meet the case is a machine from Paris at 7 a.m., and I am sure it would be well patronised. It is not

CENSORSHIP AND ITS SEQUEL

Ballet Mistress, and some of the chorus as they appear in the BYSTANDER *understands that they are prepared to do battle girls, the match to be played under Adelphic rules*

much more agonising to get up at that time than an hour or so later, and such an arrangement would enable the liver of the apolaustic life to dine in Paris, see a show, enjoy himself afterwards, snatch a few hours' sleep, and yet be in London fairly early the following morning. The old midnight train, long ago discontinued, had a good deal to be said for it.

MR. BERNARD SHAW attacked the Censorship in fairly vitriolic fashion the other day. But his attack was neither so subtle nor so effective, I think, as that of a slim little book published by A. A. Knopf, Ltd., and entitled "Mother Goose Rhymes" (censored). The motto of this extremely amusing effusion is at the end, and explains that "a clear demonstration is made here of the effect of censorship upon anything it touches." The method is simple. Take a familiar nursery rhyme, black out one word here and there, and the result in all cases is so liable to misconstruction that, much as I am tempted, I cannot reproduce even one example in a respectable paper. But, not being personally so respectable as the paper to which I contribute, I can, and do, implore you to buy a copy of the book.

BY CHICOT

"What do you think is the most thrilling thing in the world next to a really handsome man?"

"When I'm next to a really handsome man I never trouble to think about anything else!"

THE latest War Office instruction, that officers of all ranks shall be given official numbers, is causing much indignation at the "Senior," the "Rag" and other Service Clubs. Names will, of course, still be allowed, and we shall not yet see military documents of supreme importance signed "No. 012345—F.M.," nor the social columns ringing with the doings of Lieut.-General 74782, K.C.B. At least, I hope not!

BY JACK GREENALL

"He lives on the fat of the land"
"Really? What's his job?"
"Oh, he's invented a certain cure for obesity!"

NO "GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT"

Mr. Leon M. Lion is contemplating a revival of the far-from-successful production of *This Way to Paradise*, the play based on Aldous Huxley's novel, "Point Counter Point," in twenty-five years' time!

I TREMBLE to think what our children
May have to endure in 'Five-five,
If they see, to their unbounded horror,
The "duds" of the old days revive.
They'll go on their ways unrejoicing,
In clothes that are ghastly to see;
Harem skirts, Oxford bags, are but two of the snags—
And "natty straw boaters" make three.

The books they will read will be only
The ones that were damned in the past,
And, of course, they'll be stopped if they ride in
A car that is modern and fast.
No game that is really successful
Will ever be given a show,
But if their luck's right there's a chance that they might
Be allowed to play Diabolo.

The worst Bills the House has rejected
Will all become Law right away,
And the old-fashioned choking "pea-soupers"
Will come every winter to stay;
But a horror all horrors transcending,
That may be our lot here below,
Is—I'm greatly afraid—nothing less than Free Trade,
So I fear that idea is no go!

B. W.

Memories of the Lovable Fragrance

Going — Going — Gone?

Monosyllabic glum millionaires that don't look *million*aires—casual rich old dealers that quite unmistakably are. . . There's nobody at Christie's nowadays with time to waste on romance. The old fantastic gaiety, the reckless finery, might be forgotten utterly—the days when not the least delightful of the precious things at Christie's was the delicious fragrance of the Yardley Lavender. ¶ Best loved of perfumes that Fashion ever sponsored! How friendly tender it greets you in the crowded assemblies of to-day. Can you wonder that its wistful sweet simplicity has conquered the civilised world?

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FILM NOTES

BACKCHAT, BRIGHTNESS and BALDERDASH

By Lionel Collier

Some of the pretty dancers in "Happy Days," the new Fox musical revue talkie at the Tivoli

THE first screen appearance of Moran and Mack, better known to gramophone enthusiasts as the "Two Black Crows," does not need a great deal of comment. It is certainly entertaining, especially when this comedy duo indulges in well-known excerpts from their stage acts. Moreover, it is well produced, and Moran shows that he is as good a "straight" actor as he is a back-chat comedian. One could have done with more of their patter and less of the "Al Jolson" touch which spoils the ending. Jolson has got a lot to answer for, and for many things will never be forgotten, even if it is only as an awful example. At the conclusion of this picture, which should have been, as it started out to be, light-hearted comedy dealing with the fortunes of the two comedians, we are introduced to conventional sob-stuff. Moran is hit on the head by a man who is trying to fleece Mack, but whom Mack trusts. He remains unconscious, and Mack comes to the hospital penitent and brings him round by repeating his old gags. It is all very dreadful. Luckily it is not enough to spoil an otherwise entertaining piece of fooling, efficiently produced, and certainly well worth seeing at the Plaza.

Marilyn Miller in "Sally," a First National all-colour, talking, singing and dancing film version of the world-famous musical comedy at the Regal

YOU probably all know that particular kind of week-end party which is engineered by a well-meaning woman so that one of her male friends can meet an influential magnate with whom he hopes to negotiate business. "So quiet! And plenty of time to talk, dear. Everything will be favourable for unobtrusive discussions!"

IT is with a party of this sort that King Vidor has busied himself in Marion Davies's second talking picture, "Not So Dumb," which will be put on at the Empire shortly.

As a matter of fact, the title is something of a misnomer; I do not believe anybody could be so dumb as Dulcy (Marion Davies). She arranges a small week-end gathering so that her fiancé can conclude a business deal with a Mr. Forbes, wealthy and yet kind-hearted. To help matters, she asks other guests, including the aforesaid magnate's wife and daughter. They are Van Dyck, reputed millionaire; Leach, a scenarist from Hollywood; and her brother, Bill. To give a certain air of distinction to the

Evelyn Brent and Mack and Moran, the Two Black Crows, in their first all-talking picture, "Why Bring that Up?" now at the Plaza. The Two Black Crows are known throughout the English-speaking world by their radio and gramophone duologues

affair, she engages a convict on parole as a butler.

WELL, having assembled the party, she proceeds to keep talking so hard and putting her foot so firmly in her mouth whenever she opens it that poor Gordon, her fiancé, is never at all likely to conclude any business with Mr. Forbes. She bores Mr. Forbes so stiff that his politeness fails him. Van Dyck proves to be one of those "funny" men who grace some parties. He has a playful habit of catching people —to put it vulgarly—bending. This, he declares, is a new game for social events, and is called "Guess Who?"

The cook is a good recommendation! "Greek Street" is a story of Anglo-Italian life in Soho, in which Sari Maritza is a café singer and William Freshman her lover. This new Gaumont British picture is produced by Mr. Sinclair Hill

Stanelli, Peter Haddon and Rex Maurice as men-about-town in "Greek Street." Stanelli, of Stanelli and Edgar, known to music-hall goers as the "Fiddle Fanatics," has also collaborated in the musical side of the picture, including the song, "I've a Little Love Song," which is featured in the film

THE Hollywood scenarist is given a chance to recite the script of his new super, "Sin Through the Ages." It starts with Noah, and his description of it is accompanied pictorially at the piano by Van Dyck, who appropriately plays as an introduction "Singing in the Rain." Dulcy is certainly full of resource. She so engineers things that Mr. Forbes's daughter elopes with Leach, and also has her pearls stolen—presumably by the ex-convict. Things assume most momentous proportions, and Mr. Forbes, having told everybody what he thinks of them, breaks off his business with Gordon. Van Dyck steps into the breach. He offers to finance him. Consequently Gordon breathes defiance at Mr. Forbes. Next morning a gentleman calls for Van Dyck, who, it seems, is a harmless lunatic with a mania for imagining himself a millionaire. Luckily Forbes wants the deal, and, thinking he is calling Gordon's bluff, forces him to sign the contract. Forbes's daughter has lost the scenarist in the course of the elopement and married Dulcy's brother, whom Forbes likes. And so every little thing is well. But Dulcy is still dumb, and how I pity Gordon his married life.

THIS is a picture which almost achieves greatness. Unfortunately, there are patches of boredom between the extremely clever and funny character work. The opening is very poor, and it takes a little time before one is warmed up to appreciate the satire and human detail touches. The people are all types we know. Even including the lunatic, who approximates to any house party's inevitable "funny man." There are some clever lines, and Marion Davies plays excellently.

THE cast, which includes Franklin Pangborn as Leach, William Holden as Forbes, Donald Ogden Stewart as Van Dyck, and Elliott Nugent as Gordon, is extremely capable.

TO my mind "Happy Days" at the Tivoli looks like a series of advertisements for famous stars. For instance, we have Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen talking about the "Cock-eyed World" and generally "boosting" up their stock. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell sing a little song to explain the devoted love interest they display in their sentimental pictures. Stars are dragged into this hotch-potch of variety on the slightest excuse, and some sing without any excuse at all. In fact, the "nasality" —if I may coin a word—of the voices in this production is some of the most pungent I have heard.

IN its favour one must say that the presentation of dance numbers is exceptionally good, and there are some bright moments. On the whole, however, this sort of super conglomeration of stars is far from satisfactory. Many of them are good in their own line, but most of them are not suited to revue.

L. C.

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 13

This week George Whitelaw shows us that monumental literary lion, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in the unfamiliar guise of a sea lion. It is most improbable, however, that so doughty a champion of inns and wines could ever be translated into so aquatic a creature

LISTENING TO

BY KIPPA

O THE BANNED

JOHNNIE WALKER

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

DAMP POWDER

By RUPERT GRAYSON

A dinner party, an alluring woman, and a tale of the past. These are the main features of this intriguing story by Rupert Grayson, who chooses for his background the picturesque climes of South America. Nievez was very beautiful, and, like most beautiful women, she had been in love. Her marriage, however, was almost a Pyrrhic victory, and its consequent results and different phases are all most aptly described in this story

Illustrated by CONRAD LEIGH

"CUIDAD! Take care!" The words fell distinctly on my ear. Then my name was announced. In the heavy silence it seemed to echo through the room. I realised that my arrival had been inopportune. As I stood for a moment in the doorway I was painfully conscious of an atmosphere of tension.

Of the two people in the room it was not my friend the Prefect de Police who first recovered himself, it was his wife, and it was only reasonable to suppose that she would, for in this my first introduction to her I realised immediately that she possessed a sense of dignity that was altogether lacking in her husband, whom I had met on several occasions, the last one leading up to this invitation to dinner. It was then, with a feeling of astonishment, that I bowed over her hand. Beside the stocky figure of her husband, I remember, she stood alone, isolated by some invisible barrier. Her beauty was extraordinary, and I found myself momentarily speechless before her.

Perhaps she noticed my surprise, for I saw a look of faint amusement in her dark eyes as she greeted me. She spoke to me in French and, because I know that language well, I knew that she was Russian. Her voice was pitched in a low key, she pronounced the r in my name softly and it was strangely fascinating. Her features were almost Grecian, her skin a warm olive colour, and I placed her from the Caucasus. But it was her eyes that held my glance. They were brown, heavily fringed with long black lashes, and somewhere in their depths a look of restless anxiety lurked.

AT that moment more of the party arrived: Argentines, the usual assortment—the men dark and swarthy, the women full-lipped and over-ripe. Of these one man seemed to stand out from the others. Andrez Velonez. Tall and dark, he struck me as being all the time greatly amused and curiously gentle. And then he had blue eyes, extraordinarily uncommon for an Argentine. The Prefect had entirely recovered himself and I moved over to a corner of the room. And now as I watched his wife I marvelled at the grace which showed in all her movements. The women addressed her mostly as Nievez. Russian, with a Spanish name—Nievez. Snow in that soft tongue.

"Cuidad! Take care!" The words still rang in my ears, hoarsely whispered in the man's voice carrying a warning, half anger, half fear.

I had been in South America several times on missions. As a rule my line was Europe, but Whitehall had been vaguely interested in trade agreements, secret—German for the most part—and C. had sent me south to have a look round.

In my calling, however dull it may be, I have never lost the thrill of standing on the edge of big events often far-reaching and running in misty uncertainty to their fell purpose. The possible effect of a single mistake induced a cautiousness that was really never in my composition. A word here, a look, a smile, each possibly a mistake lighting a train of gunpowder, might lead to some inevitable effect unthought of and hidden in the future.

As we passed in to dinner I tried to shake off that feeling of anxiety born of these whispered words, "Cuidad! Take care!"

A door had been opened and we passed into the dining room on the same floor. The curtained windows that I guessed overlooked the front garden were closed, and I dreaded the long formal meal that awaited us in the stuffy room.

The villa stood back from the road, a mile from Encenada, but as I was driven up to the house that night it had been impossible not to notice the stench of fresh-skinned carcases blown up on the warm wind from the frigorificos on the river. I was reminded of this for the subject came under discussion.

"It is unpleasant, the smell," my hostess said, "when the wind is in the south, but what would you have?" she added, with a shrug. She was wearing a black dress cut straight across the bosom, showing the beauty of her white shoulders. There was something intoxicating about her presence. The dark, restless eyes, the red, full-lipped mouth, and the pretty mannerisms of her hands as she spoke.

IN the course of my life it has often been my business to learn things and remember them. I have learned the short cuts to people's confidence, and at the same time, I hope, played the game. In this case my interest was thoroughly aroused. I wanted to know more of this beautiful woman, married to her ordinary husband. I knew at once that she was clever. Perhaps my interest overstepped my discretion, for she turned to me and said:

"Of all the men I have met . . . and liked," she added, with a smile, "the English are truly the most subtly inquisitive. They talk of your life and interests and learn all about you, while my people are interested only in what we are in person and for the moment."

"If you live charmingly you must surely be a charming person," I said.

"Not if you live only to charm," she laughed back. "And you Englishmen, haven't you an unpleasant habit of confessing to your wives?"

"Madame," I answered, "you do us an injustice."

She turned and looked me straight in the eyes. Then in a low voice she spoke and my eyes were carried to the red lips as they disclosed her milky teeth.

"Surely in this country you do not expect to find justice?" As far as I remember she used the Russian word sprvadlivowost.

I knew then that I had struck some chord out of harmony whose vibrations were to embitter the rest of our conversation, but I felt I had cut away some of the dead wood.

At that moment I looked at her husband and I could have sworn he gave her a warning glance. He was seated at the far end of the table, grim, and, I must confess, almost sinister-looking. In spite of myself, I knew that I was being drawn irresistibly under Nievez's spell. And he may have guessed this, for once I looked up to find him watching me, cold-eyed and suspicious.

A signal passed down the table and my hostess rose.

And then I saw a curious thing. We had risen to our feet, all except Andrez Velonez. With his pale blue eyes he seemed to be lost in a dream. Then all at once, realising that we were standing, he half rose from his seat. At that moment Nievez passed behind his chair. He glanced quickly at her, yet in that glance I saw a look of such hatred as I hope I shall never see again. A great deal that is said and written of expression in the eyes is imaginary, but if ever I saw murder in a man's eyes I saw it that night. As the ladies left the room I watched Nievez's quiet dignity and her assurance of manner.

Left alone, the men discussed the local news and the

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political situation in Buenos Aires. I listened in the interests of Whitehall, but my thoughts were constantly wandering back to Nievez; her eyes, so dark and shining, the frightened look she had given her husband, and once I felt certain that her teeth were clenched behind her full red lips.

Our host had risen and we passed out, leaving a mist of cigar smoke hovering above the table. In the salon the piano stood open and I could see that we were in for a musical evening. Nievez was not there. She must have been either upstairs or in the garden.

I passed out through the French window and it seemed to me my host was smiling grimly. I found her on a long balcony that looked over the garden, and beyond the garden the water. The sky was a mass of stars, and on that hot night she was seated in the shadows. Her white shoulders seemed to reflect the luminous sky. She gave a little laugh as I seated myself beside her.

And then, because I knew that she was unhappy, I asked her deliberately about her life, but she still evaded my questions. After all, it was no affair of mine, and yet I felt my interest entirely absorbed in that strange marriage.

After the heat in the dining-room even the warm night air was refreshing. From inside we could hear the other guests talking, with occasional bursts of laughter.

"It's a strange thing," I said, "but out of one's own country how often the feeling comes that anything might happen."

"And on such a night as this . . ." she hesitated, then, in a low voice, she added: "Strange things do happen . . . I could tell you a story of something that *did* happen . . . and strange . . ." Her lips lingered on the word. Then, turning to me, she said, almost abruptly: "Have you ever hated?"

"Well—not murderously."

I heard her catch her breath.

"You have never really loved then," she said. "To hate where you once loved, that is love, and it was such a story as this that I was going to tell you. Listen," she said, "and I *will* tell you."

I waited in silence. For a moment she seemed to be lost in a dream of her own. Through the balustrade I could see the reeds that skirted the garden at the water's edge. In the moon rays they caught the light and shone like silver spikes. As I looked, they bent gently before the wind, and for the second time that evening I smelt the nauseating stench of fresh-skinned meat from Encenada. In some peculiar way it seemed to penetrate to the brain, filling the mind with disquieting thoughts and a sense of imprisonment. It was such a smell as this that stole around us as I waited for the story that she was to tell me.

Nievez seemed unconscious of the atmosphere.

"It's the story of a girl friend of mine, Gilda, an Austrian, and I loved her dearly, but she never found happiness. She came to this country with her mother and father on a visit to relations. They were wealthy, and Gilda's family had lost nearly everything in the War. Gilda was young, and it was the general opinion that one day she would be as beautiful as her mother. She had her dreams like other girls. As each dream faded, another came on the vagabond wings of fancy to take its place. She wanted love and romance and everything that meant life to her, but she found only sorrow, like . . . Russia in the twilight."

"She was Russian?" I said.

"No, Austrian, I told you," she said wearily. "On the hacienda where they were staying she filled her room with books, and in reading filled her eyes with colour.

"Her father was suddenly called back to Europe, and her mother went to Buenos Aires to see him off."

Nievez was speaking slowly and hardly above a whisper. I could see that she had almost forgotten my presence.

"Gilda dreamed of love," she continued, "and one day it came to her without warning. She was at the gate when he rode up. A friend passing up country stage by stage. He came for one night, but he stayed for three weeks. He was always smiling, and it wasn't long before he read what was in her eyes. So her dreams came true. He taught her to feel love, and when he'd finished that he just opened his arms and . . . Gilda cried that night."

The sound of music was coming from the drawing-room, and any moment I expected our host to be calling us in, but Nievez seemed to be lost in her narrative.

"Gilda's one dread now was that her mother might not like Pedro. She wrote letters to her begging her not to prolong her stay, and she told her the secrets of her heart."

I saw a look of pain pass across Nievez's face. All the time I felt my attention to the story was only second to my interest in her. I watched, fascinated, every expression on her pale face and every movement of her white hands. Already I knew that her charm was irresistible. The idea of this beautiful girl married to the Prefect de Police, with his half-boastful, half-servile manner—the thought of it was hateful to me now.

Nievez was speaking again:

"Not long after that Gilda's mother returned to the hacienda. It was arranged that Pedro should meet her. She wanted him to meet her mother alone, unembarrassed by her presence.

"When Pedro returned with her mother Gilda knew that she would be happy for ever, for on her mother's face there was a look of pleasure, and when she kissed Gilda it was with more than her usual lovingness. They were like sisters, these two, for her mother had dreams, too—ones she said that Gilda's father would never understand—and one day she told Gilda to aim high for happiness even if she tumbled from the sky, she'd be sure to come down with a bit of blue."

I watched her, fascinated, as she told me the story of her girl friend. I could see that she was capable of real friendship, for she was deeply affected.

"As the days passed by Gilda knew that she would have to hold what she had won. That's a woman's life," she said bitterly, "surrendering to love, then fighting to hold it. Pedro loved her, but now she felt his thoughts were far away, and gradually she learned that she had already lost something quite indescribable. His caresses had become studied, and it seemed that he looked at her only when he addressed her. At last, driven to despair, she sought advice and consolation from her mother. Her mother loved them both so much, but what could she do? The only advice she gave Gilda was to leave him alone more, but later she suggested that Gilda should feign illness so that he would miss her and long for her again. Poor Gilda!"

Nievez lifted her hand to her eyes. "Pity poor Gilda! She was fighting for her happiness. She loved him with all her heart and soul. Then the day came." Nievez paused. "The night before her mother had kissed her in her room . . . the next day they had gone . . . *they* . . . just a note telling Gilda that life must take its course, and love, too stolen love—for there was none for Gilda in that letter."

The night was silent, and in the stillness I could hear Nievez breathing.

"I watched, fascinated, every expression on her pale face and every movement of her white hands. Already I knew that her charm was irresistible"

"And that was the end?" I ventured.

"No, that was not the end. There was another end. Things must happen, mustn't they?" Nievez said, turning to me. "It's a frightening thought. A terrifying thought that we must fulfil some unknown destiny. Most women are frightened of the to-morrows of life, but it's the yesterdays that frighten me."

Then, because now I was interested in the story of Gilda, I begged her to go on.

"You want the end?" she said. "One day you may meet Gilda."

SLOWLY the story unfolded. "The months of anguish tearing at Gilda's heart—and then there came the call . . . a call for help from Pedro—her mother was lying dangerously ill. They knew of no one who would come and nurse her.

"In that moment Gilda loved her mother. She hurried to her, and on her bosom she forgave her all. Night and day she nursed her until the crisis was passed. Pedro had hardly entered into her life; all Gilda's time and devotion had been given to saving her mother's life. Then one day her mother was sufficiently recovered to sit up. Gilda was leaving the next day. That afternoon she happened to pass her mother's doorway. She heard her call, and, all unconscious of what that moment would mean to her, she listened. It was Pedro who answered. He was by her bedside. Gilda heard his voice, the voice that she had adored, and in the words he spoke she recognised the note of love and adoration. The months of separation were forgotten. She loved him still. Those words of love should really have been hers; they had been stolen from her; he should have been speaking to her. And Gilda knew her love for Pedro had returned, compelling and overwhelming.

"In that second of acute realisation something was born, dark and crawling, in the dungeons of her soul. That night she settled her mother to sleep. Her pillows must be arranged and her medicine be administered and, all-important, measured out. The pillows comfortable, Gilda watched her mother drain the glass; then, turning out the light, closed the door on the darkness."

FROM the lighted salon we could hear the voices, and it seemed to me that there was music, too.

I turned to Nievez. Her defencelessness, her deep, unfailing sympathy, everything about her seemed to be calling to me. She was looking towards the water, and she was speaking slowly now, even dreamily.

"And then?" I said.

"Next morning Gilda's mother was found dead!"

"And the police?"

"There was talk," she whispered. "That was before they were married. . . . She married the prefect to save herself."

"And Gilda's lover, he had blue eyes?"

Nievez nodded.

"And shining like a dagger."

Suddenly she leant across, taking my hand in hers; it was a sudden movement. I felt her lift it to her cheek. She was leaning towards me, her lips parted, a look of desperate appeal in her eyes.

"To-night," she whispered, "with your influence to-night you will help Gilda to escape."

I looked into her restless eyes. A faint breeze was blowing now from Encenada, and on its wings quite suddenly came the smell of blood.

R. G.

PARIS GOSSIP

'PHONES, FRICTION AND FITNESS

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

I SAID recently that things were stirring upon the Parisian stage. Unfortunately I was not present when one particular stage boiled over, and as last week I wrote that Jean Cocteau's *La Voix Humaine* was to be presented at the Comédie Française I should have had enough sense to know what would happen, and be there to see it.

THERE were two repetitions, the répétition de travail, for the intimate friends of the author, and the regulation répétition générale; both, of course, invitational, Cocteau sending out little cards bearing his strange, nervous, childishly clear handwriting, with his informal and constant little star for a chiffre, reproduced so well that everybody thought his invitation written by hand. Nothing happened at the first repetition because each person in the packed theatre thought he was sitting next to one of Cocteau's intimate friends and must be polite, but at the second! The first echo to reach my eager ears was this.

"One of those details reporters always fail to mention"

THE play is in one act. The entire action is borne by a woman, played by Berthe Bovy, and consists of a telephone conversation between the woman and her unseen lover, who rings her up for the last time before she marries somebody else. *La Voix Humaine* is the exposition of the human voice in all its nuances; her despair, her love, her desire to hide the grief in her voice from the man at the other end of the wire. The conversation lasts for twenty-eight minutes.

"TWENTY-EIGHT minutes!" I exclaimed to André Rivollet, the critic who was telling me about it, "but nobody could talk for twenty-eight minutes over a French telephone without being cut off.". "But she is cut off twice," he said, "and her 'ne coupez pas, ne coupez pas' is one of the most tragic things in the play."

IT was at the second performance that, when the woman was making an effort to be light about the behaviour of her dog that day, a man in the audience called out, "Do you mean D——," referring to a friend of Cocteau. Then there was a commotion; people laughed, hissed, roared, and after the curtain went down someone in the foyer fainted.

AFTER hearing all this I went out to Jacques-Emile Blanche's, and around the tea-table everybody was discussing *La Voix Humaine*. "But did you hear that somebody fainted after the show?" I asked Blanche. "I hope it was a woman," he said.

AND it seems that the Surréalistes have organised a campaign against Cocteau, even carrying into staging a riot at the Café Maldoror, a riot at

(Continued on page 504)

ENGLAND'S VICTORY OVER FRANCE

The English XV who provided a pleasant surprise at Twickenham by beating the redoubtable French team by 11 points to 5. They are (standing): Messrs. A. E. Freethy (Wales), the referee (left), H. P. Jacob, P. D. Howard, J. W. Forrest, B. H. Black, J. G. Askew, H. Rew. Seated (centre): J. S. R. Reeve (left), A. H. Bateson, J. S. Tucker, H. G. Periton and H. Wilkinson. In front: M. Robson (left), R. S. Spong, W. H. Sobey and A. L. Novis

Photographs *Sport and General*

The French team which put up a gallant but unavailing fight against England. They are MM. L. Piquemal, R. Houdet, P. Gerald, J. Baillette, L. Samatan, C. Magnanou, L. Serin, J. Choy, G. Bigot, A. Ambert, M. Camel, jun., R. Majerus, A. Ribere, J. Gallia and A. Bioussa

Elissa Landi

Phyllis Dare

Lilian Davies

These stars give you their secrets of success

These three talented and beautiful actresses tell how much they value Pond's Two Creams, upon which over a hundred of England's best-known actresses rely for the care of their complexions.

Miss Lilian Davies declares, "I absolutely depend on a good cold cream. .... You seem to be able to wipe out the whole of the effect of a day's hard work and exposure by a thorough cleansing with Pond's." And Miss Phyllis Dare—"If women would use *Pond's Cold Cream* regularly—just covering the face, neck and hands with it at least once a day—they would find that most of the hollows would fill out and the natural curves would stay plump and gracefully rounded."

Finally listen to Miss Elissa Landi: "Pond's preparations keep my skin in perfect condition. I don't see why every woman should not develop her natural loveliness in the same way—by a natural method which brings out all the waiting beauty, without harm and without effort. To every woman I say: 'Use Pond's.'"

Pond's Cold Cream.

Before retiring and as often as necessary during the day, cleanse the skin with *Pond's Cold Cream.* The emollient oils of this cream sink into the pores, beyond the reach of soap and water, and bring every speck of impurity to the surface, where it is easily removed.

Pond's Vanishing Cream.

This delicate, greaseless cream gives the final touch to your toilet—except, of course, at bed-time. Though its only visible effect is a beautiful bloom, it protects the complexion from the weather and forms an ideal base for powder, which goes on more evenly and stays on longer.

Used regularly, these two creams will keep your skin smooth and fine, and your complexion clear and colourful.

POND'S
Cold Cream *and* Vanishing Cream

"Taste the difference *yourself*:"...

....yes-that one you say has the *true* whisky flavour is

Dunville's
IRISH WHISKY

"...I'll get a case of it"

D.A-W.9

THE COMING GENERATION

Marcus Adams

The Hon. Philippa Selina Bewicke-Copley, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Cromwell, of Misterton Hall, Lutterworth. Her father served in the War, in which he won the M.C.

Marcus Adams

William James, the sturdy young son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, and the godson of the Duchess of York, Sir Horace Rumbold and Sir Percy Loraine. His father is First Secretary to the British Embassy in Paris

Marcus Adams

Jane, the charming little daughter of the well-known racehorse owner, Mrs. Arthur Bendir. Her mother, who was formerly Mrs. McGusty, has won many races on the Turf

Lenare

Lady Anne Cavendish, the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington. She is a granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire

PARIS GOSSIP (*continued from page 500*)

which Mistinguett was a spectator; and at another table was Jean Cocteau's mother, a woman whom everybody admires and adores, and who was in the unpleasant position for a few minutes of hearing her son talked about in the most awful way. But as all the Surréalistes together have never produced anything so good as one poem or play or drawing by Cocteau I don't suppose he cares very much.

SEEN lunching at the Ritz, in fact, on blanquette de veau and a bottle of beer, one of those details reporters always fail to mention, was François de Croisset; seen at the Bateau Ivre, Eisenstein, the great Russian film director, having a little drink after having given a lecture on moving pictures at the Sorbonne. He must have needed a drink, because after the lecture, which was a great success, the amphitheatre being filled with all the bearded artists and littérateurs in Paris, which shows how many people were there, Eisenstein was about to show a Red film, "La Ligue Générale," when the police walked in and stopped it.

I WAS seen dining at Fouquet's on a Chateaubriand, probably in honour of the Romantic centenary, and afterwards at the Rip Revue at the Folies Wagram, which I found jolly rotten, thank you, but I have not yet been seen at the Russian Eagle, a new night club, as I hear they charge five hundred francs for a bottle of champagne, and I have not the heart to let anybody take me there.

NANCY HOYT, whose anonymous book, "Promise Not to Tell," consisting of letters written by her and Lord Donegall, has recently appeared, was seen sipping port chez moi. She told me a funny story about Prince Nicholas of Roumania, or, maybe, it was only funny the way in which she told it, as she is a scream. Anyhow, Nancy was in London and had gone to live at her mother's flat in Park Lane. Most unexpectedly Prince Nicholas appeared, and she quickly told her cook, the only servant in the house at the moment, and a very old-fashioned one at that, to go out and buy ice, lots of ice. When Nancy went to mix a highball for His Royal Highness she found no ice, but, instead, dozens of little ices that the innocent cook had run out to Gunter's for, and which, of course, nobody had the very slightest inclination to eat.

"She found no ice, but, instead, dozens of little ices"

Sport and General

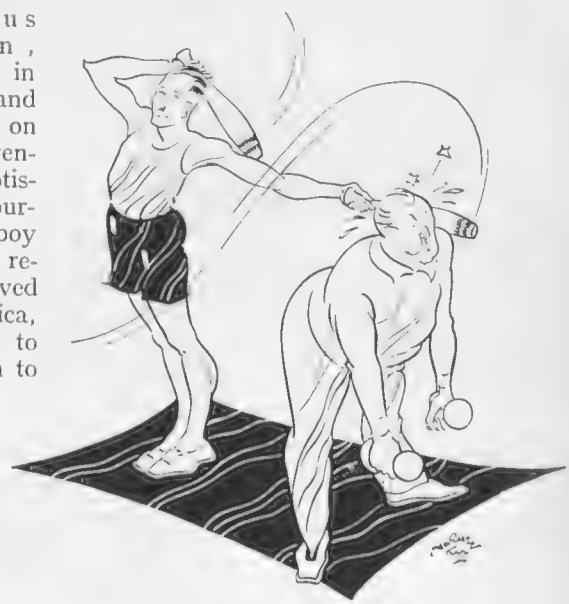
Josephine Baker, the coloured actress, who has enjoyed a long popularity in Paris, recently started an engagement in Madrid, where she has made a big hit. She is seen in her dressing room at the chief music-hall, the Grande Metropolitano

IT seems to me that for the last few days I have been doing nothing but making a gastronomical tour of Paris. I went to the Restaurant de l'Univers (not Universelle), opposite the Comédie Français, to find the most marvellous chicken, smothered in mushrooms, and then, but not on the same evening, to the Rotisserie Perigourdine, as a boy friend had recently arrived from America, and I wanted to introduce him to hot truffles.

AS he had been in Paris for several days and had not yet written to his mother, I said it would be a good idea not to write but to cable, "Mamma, I have had truffles," and she would cable back, "Go to the American Hospital right away." Then she might send him some extra money, so he would be able to afford to take me to the Russian Eagle. But, anyhow, after watching him swallow a glass of Armagnac poured from a double Jereboam, and thinking that I would just as soon swallow a hot sword, we went again to the Bœuf, as that is the only place where I would dare conduct anybody who had survived a glass of Armagnac in one gulp. On the way there gendarmes forbade the passage of cars in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and I said that something must be happening. Either the new Cabinet had already fallen, or the President is giving a party. I was correct in the latter prediction, for later in the evening several men appeared at the Bœuf with their necks all tied up in red decorations.

THE latest fad is to go in for gymnastic exercises and various trick baths at the Villa Helianthe in the Avenue Montaigne. The establishment is housed in the hotel of strange architecture that Ferdinand de Lesseps built after his return from Egypt. I have never been able to identify the design; it seems to be Turkish, it seems to be Moorish, so I will call it Murkish. . . . The former sloppy artiness of Montparnasse having already given way to commercial hoop-la, and both phases having proved to be too much for some of the most important artists of the Paris school, including Chirico, who is Greek-Italian, and Pascin, who is Polish-American, and Pirandello's son, who is still in the student stage, they have moved.

S. L.

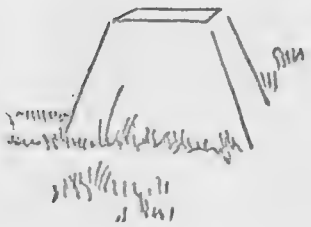


"The latest fad is to go in for gymnastic exercises"

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

SCRUBBS, Horace Milton. Poet. Known to the Public as "The Australian Shakespeare" and to the C.I.D. as "Canadian Cuthbert." Author of several published, and numercus unpublished verses. Published "Ode to a Local Inn," 1908. "In Praise of Worthington," 1922. "The Worthington Book of English Verse," 1925. *Clubs:* "Times Book." *Favourite Sport:* Free Verse.

Avoiding hazards....



Spring is the most popular time for men to buy plus-four suits. It is also the most hazardous.

In the springtime, in moments of joyous abandon, a man frequently finds it very difficult to distinguish the buoyant from the boisterous.

This year when there is a distinct tendency towards bigger and better plus-fours in brighter patterns, the safety of the "New Tailoring" as a method of buying a sports suit is even more marked than usual.

It is so easy when a suit is chosen in finished form to see just how light-hearted a cloth you can wear. Just as it is a simple matter to make sure that the cut, the fit, and the tailoring are all up to the standard you demand before you even consider the question of purchase.

SPORTS SUITS - 3-piece 5 to 7 gns.
4-piece (Plus-fours & Trousers) 7 & 8 gns.

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THE LITERARY SHOW

AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

"Finding myself instantly under the spell of the past"

By J. A. HAMMERTON

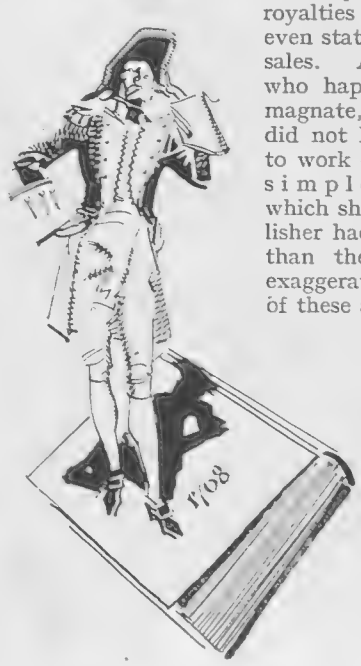
Sketches by BUD PERMANT

I NEVER look at an old book catalogue without finding myself instantly under the spell of the past. By way of experiment I reach my hand to the nearest shelf and pick a book at random. It is the 1880 edition of "The Slang Dictionary," with the imprint of Chatto and Windus. Although the editor's name is not given, I believe this work was compiled by John Camden Hotten, a young publisher who was himself a man of letters. He died in 1873, so I suspect "The Slang Dictionary" was either his last book or appeared after his death, the preface being dated December 20, 1873.

HOTTEN introduced Artemus Ward and other American humorists of the 'sixties to English readers. I read a few pages by the amusing Artemus the other day as an antidote to the conceited banalities of America's latest funny man, Will Rogers, which had been thrust upon me by a morning newspaper. "Me for Artemus!" was my verdict. Hotten published in 1867 "Mr. Sprouts," a humorous study of Cockney life by my old friend Richard Whiteing, who had to wait thirty years more to make a literary hit with his "No. 5 John Street." Whiteing told me that Hotten died from trichinosis, that rare and horrible disease produced by infected pork. One of Hotten's authors who had a grievance against his publisher—most authors have—composed a heartless epitaph: "Hotten, rotten, forgotten."

THE first thing in this fifty-year-old list is an advertisement of that masterpiece of compilation, "The Reader's Handbook." Dr. Cobham Brewer, its editor, was a queer little short-sighted man with a long and tangled beard, who died in 1897, after compiling a number of books whose circulations in his own lifetime greatly exceeded those of any "best seller" of to-day. And what, think ye, did he get out of them in the way of money? Less than a Holborn dustman earns. This I have just learned from a hitherto unpublished letter of his, written in July, 1886, quoted recently in *The Literary Guide*. Even our young writers who sniff at five guineas for a thousand words should have a sigh to spare for poor old Brewer, who confessed that he received £50 for a book that had then sold 380,000 copies, and has probably doubled that figure since!

ANOTHER of his books had sold 450,000, and yet another had gone through eighteen large editions in eighteen years. Three million copies of Brewer's works were then in circulation, and withal his annual income had never exceeded £200. "I drink no wine, beer, or spirits, never smoke, never take a day's outing," he concludes. "These are too expensive for me." Perhaps it was his frugal fare that enabled him to live to be eighty-seven. Robertson Nicoll used to say that one whose life has been spent among books is not to be pitied; yet I cannot but feel that old Brewer ought to have had a heavy grudge against his publishers. Whenever I have to refer to his "Phrase and Fable" or his "Reader's Handbook" I shall have a kindly thought for this the worst-paid of all best-sellers, whose patient labours have profited scores of thousands of students for fully two generations.



"The original founder of the firm was a young naval officer"

OURS is indeed a golden age for certain kinds of literary workers, but it is not quite so auriferous as some young authors would make it appear. I know of one brilliant young man who wrote a biography which was published last autumn and met with well-deserved success. It is a good book, ably planned, vivaciously written, but probably the largest factor in its success is its subject. The author assured a common friend of ours the other day that he had already received £5,000 in royalties at 15 per cent. He even stated the figure of the sales. And my friend—who happens to be a city magnate, by the way—did not have the gumption to work out a sum in quite simple multiplication, which showed that the publisher had paid £3,500 more than the sales warranted, exaggerated as the number of these appeared to me!

I SHOULD like to find a publisher so prodigal of his thousands. It is certainly not the gentleman whose imprint appears on the book to which I have alluded. This habit of bragging and lying about the success of one's work is

NICE EN FÊTE

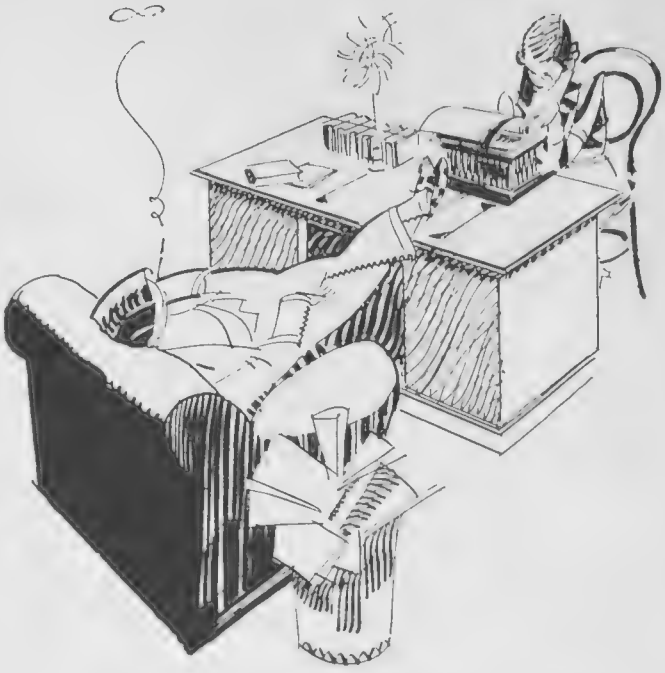
A glimpse of part of the procession during the recent carnival at Nice. Large crowds gathered to watch the procession with its gargantuan figures and motley groups. This group satirizes a mannequin display

not peculiar to young authors. It is not unknown, I am told, in the theatrical profession. And what's the good of it? At best a brief run before editors and publishers find out the true commercial value of the braggart.

TALKING about authors with a grudge against their publishers, I remember Augustus J. C. Hare publicly complaining about the payment he had received for one of his guide books published by the house of Murray. The fourth John Murray retorted by printing an abstract of the firm's account in respect to that particular book, and had no trouble in showing that the author had been not only fairly treated but generously, indeed to the extent of involving the house in a loss. I doubt if there is any publisher to-day who could afford the substantial sums that Murray used to pay for guide books of the kind that Hare wrote with a certain distinction. E. V. Lucas is, in a way, a successor of Hare, whose "Walks" in Paris, Rome, Florence, and London, written about fifty years ago, were no doubt the inspiration of the much more sprightly and not less informative "Wanderer" series by Mr. Lucas, copies of which are to be seen in the hands of tourists along all the beaten tracks of the Continent.

THE publishing house of Murray, by the way, has just made an interesting move. It has changed over from 50A to 50, Albemarle Street. This means that the historic home of the Murray family has now become their business office once again. For it was at No. 50 that the second John Murray, in 1812, forty-four years after his father had founded the firm, established both his house and office. Forty-two years later the business was moved next door to No. 49 (later 50A). I remember that twenty-eight years ago there was a threat to pull down this interesting house when the new Underground system was being planned, but Dover Street Station only curtailed the warehouse of the firm, and John Murray the fourth had the felicity of continuing to the end of his days to occupy a house which, so long as it stands, will have a sentimental attraction for all who are interested in the literary history of the nineteenth century.

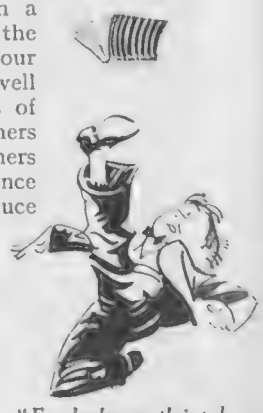
IT was at 50 Albemarle Street, in the spring of 1815, that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott first met, and in the fireplace of its noble drawing-room the manuscript of Byron's "Memoirs" was carefully burned in 1824, although we know that much of what these mysterious pages contained was utilised by Moore in his "Life" of the poet, published six years later.



"Ours is indeed a golden age for certain kinds of literary workers"

THE original founder of the firm was a young naval officer who, in 1768, was impressed with the fact that a number of persons who seemed to him no better than blockheads were making money in publishing. Scotsmen were out of favour in the London of the later Johnsonian epoch, so the first John Murray, whose real name was McMurray, showed his national shrewdness in discarding the tell-tale "Mc." Long live the house of Murray!

AS regards the comparative importance of authors, A. E. W. Mason used to tell a delightful story of an interview he had with a publisher, long before the success of "The Four Feathers." It is well known that few kinds of books pay their publishers so handsomely as primers for use in schools: hence the desire of all to produce such works. The publisher whom Mason was meeting had a very lucrative school list. When the novelist entered his private room, the wily publisher picked up a small school book from his desk and said: "You see this little book: I have sold a quarter of a million copies of it, and the author wrote it for £20. . . . Now let's talk a little business."



"Few books pay their publishers so well as primers"

J. A. Hammerton

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

A client sends us this true story from Bombay

"Dear Sirs . . . While in Bombay, I struck up an acquaintance with a prominent British resident, and one evening I solemnly produced my necklace of Ciro Pearls, saying I had just brought them from Persia, and as I was short of cash did he think I would be able to realise a little on them. He pointed out that as I was a sea-faring man the moneylenders probably would have no dealings with me, but offered to take them himself. He went off with them and returned in about half an hour and handed me 800 rupees, saying he could have got much more. Thinking the joke had gone far enough I explained that they were Ciro Pearls. Whereupon he grew furious and dashed off to recover them, as it would have been damaging to his prestige had it been discovered they were not real, and he was so angry at being deceived that we parted bad friends."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long (complete with gold clasp and case). Keep it—wear it for a fortnight and, if on comparison with real pearls, you find any difference, the money shall be returned.

Ciro Pearls

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BERLIN: 106 Leipzigerstrasse

FLYING NOTES

AIR TAXI BOOKING OFFICES

Messrs. Piper and Kay seen beside their machine on the day before they set off on their flight to Australia

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Ninepence per Mile

THE first booking office to be devoted exclusively to air taxis has been opened by National Flying Services in Northumberland Avenue. With a colour scheme as striking as black and orange, there should be no difficulty in picking it out amongst the other bright spots round Trafalgar Square. A car to Hanworth Park is included in the fare, and arrangements can be made in advance for a car at the destination. A night telephone line is being installed so that urgent bookings for the early morning can be taken at short notice. The Desoutter air saloons for two passengers have been designed to take all sizes, so with the possible exception of Teddy Brown and Carnera, there is no need for the weighing-in formality so familiar at the air-liner offices. Luggage of the suitcase and hat box order will be carried free of charge, but fares should note that there are no facilities for innovation trunks on the top plane; nor is there a luggage grid. Of course, air taxi bookings can be made with N.F.S. at any travel office, the new premises being intended as the London headquarters and information bureau through which all orders will pass.

Our Youthful Pioneers

ONE of the young men in the aviation world recently celebrated his twenty-first anniversary as an aircraft constructor. This was Mr. Robert Blackburn, whose name is associated to-day with the Bluebird light 'plane and with the Iris and the Nile type flying boats. Early in 1911 he designed, built and flew his own machine, which was a monoplane 28 feet in span, fitted with a 35 h.p. Green engine. That famous pilot, B. C. Hucks, learned to fly on the second Blackburn machine, and carried out much of his exhibition flying on a later type fitted with an 80 h.p. Gnome, including a return flight over the Bristol Channel, which was a great feat in those days. The present Blackburn works at Brough on the Humber are ideally situated, with an aerodrome and a seaplane base on the doorstep. The firm has specialised in all types of aircraft for operating with the Fleet, and, more recently, has undertaken a big development programme for civil aviation.

A Supermarine metal monoplane air yacht fitted with dual control and capable of a speed of 100 miles an hour. The machine is most luxuriously equipped and has cabins fitted similar to an ordinary sea yacht

New British Air Yacht

SUPERMARINES have launched a really beautiful air yacht for the Hon. A. E. Guinness, to take the place of the Solent which he has been using for trips to Ireland for the past two seasons. The new machine is a monoplane, fitted with three of the latest geared Jaguar engines, which give her a comfortable cruising speed of 100 miles an hour and a range of 2,000 miles if necessary. She has dual control and spacious accommodation for the owner and his friends. The saloon has the normal yacht equipment and cabins are fitted with dressing table and wardrobe. Electric light, hot or cold air, a galley, wireless, and the usual offices are also included, so that this machine is quite the last word in luxury. The same firm, now a branch of Vickers, is building a series of flying boats for the Service, capable of flying to all parts of the Empire without alighting in foreign waters. These aircraft, a development of the Supermarine Napiers that flew to Australia and the Far East, are admirably suited for a tour of our oldest Colonies in the West Indies, and might also be used for a much-needed cruise round South America, where the British flag requires what one may call an "airing." At present the Americans, with their Monroe Doctrine, have it all their own way. Not that American machines and personnel on the long-distance routes are not first class, but it seems a pity that we are neglecting a fruitful market, because foreign sales help to make flying cheaper at home.

Home Notes

GIPSY Moths are being ordered in quantity by the Royal Air Force; this type is extremely economical in use and will be invaluable for training pilots up to single-seater Scouts. The N.F.S. Moth Circus to East Africa, under the leadership of Captain The Hon. F. E. Guest, has returned to England. The pilots, Miss Spooner, Mr. E. G. Hordern, and Mr. R. C. Preston, carried passengers and gave exhibition flights as part of the scheme to establish a Colonial branch of N.F.S.

AT HOME IN EVERY ROOM

BE your room what it may, it can be made more appealing and alluring with 'Nell Gwynn' Decorative Candles.

Their charm lies in the beauty of their 36 colours, the stately dignity of their shape, and the clarity with which they burn.

In drawing room, hall or study, their rich colours will impart a finishing touch to the decorative scheme. Burning on the dining table, they are a beautiful decoration and shed a soft radiance which extends sympathy to skin, eyes and hair and brings a new loveliness to every complexion.

FIELD'S

"NELL GWYNN"

Solid Dyed Candles for Burning and Decorating

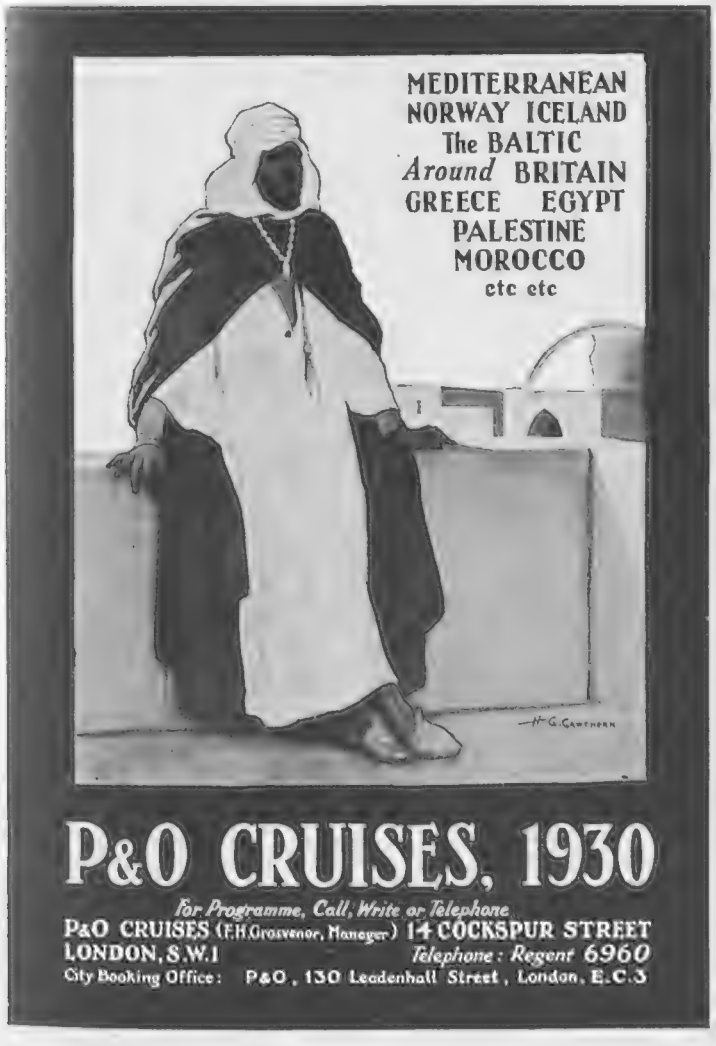
FREE: A booklet, "Lights of Other Days," will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. "Y," London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the 1st.

This 3-Tablet Box costs only 1/-

Have a beautiful complexion and use Field's "Our Nell"

4d Per TABLET

A Toilet Soap, Fragrant Perfume and Complexion Cream in one. You really should try it.



P&O CRUISES, 1930

For Programme, Call, Write or Telephone

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Telephone: Regent 6960

City Booking Office: P&O, 130 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3

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Sweet-smelling creams, lotions and essences, culled from the hearts of fruits, flowers and herbs, will restore to your tired beauty its natural loveliness. In an age of ageless women why *look* aged? HELENA RUBINSTEIN can make you look young and keep you young-looking.

Emphasise your personality and enhance your charm by discreet, imperceptible make-up with HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S wonderful cosmetics. They are exquisite, dainty, protective, and delicately perfumed. Work magic with your beauty. Become enchanted and be enchanting.

Valaze Perfection Cream, for tired, worn-out tissues. Soft, nourishing, rejuvenating, and delightful.

Valaze Champagne Lotion. The magic powder foundation which tones up the skin and leaves a soft, flattering tone to it. A preparation for the fastidious and luxury loving.

Valaze Complexion Powder. Exquisite in texture, light as down, clinging, flattering, and it leaves a lovely, soft, satiny finish. In many lovely shades.

Valaze Rouges and Lipsticks. The perfection of daintiness, which will enhance lovely cheeks and rosy lips. In the most charming shades.

Helena Rubinstein Ltd.

24. Grafton Street, W.1.

PARIS NEW YORK.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SOME AMERICAN NOVELS

Marion and E. O. Hoppé

MISS ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON

Whose latest book of memoirs, "As I Knew them," has just been published by Hutchinson It is priced at 21s.

By Ralph Straus

MOST British novelists thank the gods for the United States of America, which is a country peculiar for many things, but perhaps most of all for the singular habit its natives have of *buying* books. Over here, of course, booksellers are astonished at the spectacle of anybody buying a new book which costs more than half a crown at most. On the other hand, the Americans not only buy their own literary wares, but ours as well; and nothing is pleasanter to an author than to receive double royalties for his work. It is money, as somebody once remarked, for marmalade.

Quite naturally, however, the Americans expect some kind of return. They see no reason (being ignorant of our curious ways) why their own books should not sell equally well over here. And it is a fact that a long course of cinema-going is now familiarising us with American backgrounds and American slang. This helps. At the same time an American novel has to be very good indeed to take this country by storm.

I have recently read some half-dozen of these importations, and cannot believe that any of them will enjoy more than a moderate success. Yet two of them are by no means without distinction, and one of these two is unlike any other book I have read.

THIS is *Laughing Boy* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Oliver La Farge—a story of the Red Indians as they are to-day, and not as we used to believe they were after reading some old Wild West melodrama. Laughing Boy himself, I suppose, may be taken for the ordinary young "brave," very fond of horse-racing and gambling, and quite capable of driving (and enjoying) a sharp bargain. He is a Navajo, and the Navajos remain true to their age-old customs. But Laughing Boy leaves his own folk for a while, and marries Slim Girl, who has had an American education and learnt American ways.

She is in love with Laughing Boy, but unfortunately there is an American behind the scenes, and he is not to be got rid of. Laughing Boy finds them together, and behaves in the Navajo way—a way, incidentally, which seems to be becoming increasingly popular in certain parts of the States well outside the Indian Reservations. Slim Girl is forgiven, but all is not well, for there is also an Indian rival, and at the end Laughing Boy is left to return home—alone.

To be candid, I found it a little difficlt to "get into" this book, but once Slim Girl shows her hand the story sweeps you along with it. Moreover, it is interesting to be given what is obviously an unbiased view of the Indians, or, to be more correct, of those of them who have not "gone apart," as they may be found to-day. It may be that Slim Girl is an exceptional person, but Laughing Boy would appear to be very typical of his folk. His story is simple, and even commonplace, but it is told with directness and imagination.

Elite Studios, Glasgow

MISS O'DRISCOLL

The author of the Aonach Tailteann prize novel, "Noreen." It has been described by Mr. Compton MacKenzie as one of the most tender pictures of childhood life ever written

OF a very different kind is *Cora Potts* (Brentano: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Ward Greene. Now this is really a quite horrible affair, regarded from any ethical standards, but it not only reads like the unvarnished truth, but has a queer attraction about it. We are told by the publisher that Cora Potts herself would be impossible outside the States. I am certainly glad to hear it. Cora begins her hectic career by stealing money from her father's shop. She cheerfully ruins a silly old man in one of the small country towns, and with the money proceeds to run one of those houses which in some countries are distinguished from their neighbours by a red lamp.

The Puritans, however, get busy, and Cora—she has, of course, become somebody else by this time—clears out just in time. We next hear of her as the head of a business, and a very flourishing business it is, which sells some patent stuff advertised to be able to work chameleon wonders on coloured folks. Then the War comes, and with it a commendable change of ambition on Cora's part. She desires to become a social figure. A little careful charity, a little hard work, and the thing is done. There only remains a marriage into a decently old family.

And then, of course, the one man who knows all about her lurid past makes himself objectionable. What does Cora do? I am reminded of that American lady who recently slew her husband for the very natural reason that he played extremely badly at bridge. Cora neatly tips her old companion through an office window into the street miles below and calmly goes off to her wedding.

All of which sounds not a little odd. Yet I am bound to say that Mr. Greene makes you believe in his wretched woman. But was she worth writing about? And did they ever find out who tipped Mr. Rowlett into the street? Probably not. I expect Mr. Greene believes that his Cora is now entertaining lavishly over here in Grosvenor Square. Well, I retain my belief that America is a very strange country.

A THIRD importation did not greatly amuse me. *Broadway Interlude* (Selwyn and Blount: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Achmed Abdullah and Faith Baldwin,

(*Continued on page 514*)

THE LUXURY OF LINCOLN TRAVEL SUGGESTS CONTINENTAL MOTORING

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THE LINCOLN

How to Make MONEY at BRIDGE

XII—Contract Conventions: (C)—Vanderbilt Club Again

By "ACES EASY"

LAST week I explained the elementary technique of the Vanderbilt Club call — that super-conventional convention which announced the possession of three or more quick tricks, irrespective of the Club holding; and its equally conventional response of one Diamond, bid irrespective of the Diamond holding, to deny the possession of two quick tricks. This week I propose to deal with the ramifications of this American device in so far as it affects subsequent bidding, and to touch on hands possessing three quick tricks which should not be bid one (Vanderbilt) Club.

DEALER South holds a Club call, and partner North holds S—10, x, x, x, x; H—A, Q, 10, x, x, x, x; D—x; C— ——; he has not two quick tricks, so he bids a Diamond; South goes no trumps, and North shows three Hearts; South, hating the Hearts, in which he is blank (his Club call being S—A, K, x; H— ——; D—A, K, x, x; C—A, K, J, x, x, x), reverts to no trumps, bidding three; North deduces his partner must have the Spades, and bids his second major suit to four, South bumps it to the small slam, and by the grace of God, an even distribution of trumps, and extremely good play by North, it is made! But montes parturiunt, nascitur ridiculus mus! Lt.-Col. Walter Buller comments on the hand that the calling should be: South, three Clubs; North, three Hearts; South, three no trumps; North, four Spades; South, six Spades. A "demand" bidder would begin with two Clubs; North, three Hearts; South, four no trumps; North, five Spades; and South, six Spades. The "no trump approach" bidder would call *two* no trumps; North, three Hearts; South, three no trumps; North, four Spades; South, five Clubs; North, five Hearts; South, six Spades. They all get there, but the Club is the most devious route!

IF one has a "normal" bid with three quick tricks in hand, one does *not* bid a Vanderbilt. So on: S—A, K, x, x, x,; H—A, x, x,; D—x, x, x,; C—x, x, one calls a Spade. It is only a hand with, distributionally, or through top cards — "inherent slam possibilities" (Mr. Vanderbilt's own phrase) that should be "Clubbed." Distributions such as 4—4—4—1; 6—6—1—0; 6—4—2—1; lend themselves to the convention. The most important of these is the first. Such a hand as S—A, K, x, x; H—A, K, x, x; D—A, K, x, x; C—x presents a problem. If you bid a Spade you may be left in; if you bid no trumps they may run down the Clubs.

HERE you want your partner to call to find the best of your three suits in partner's hand. You call a Club. If your partner has A, K, x, x, in Clubs, or better, he goes two Clubs and you switch to no trumps. If he has C—A, K, x and a five-card suit or a four-card suit as good as Q, 10, x, x, he bids that suit and you can get game either in that or no trumps. If he is evenly distributed and has C—A, K, x, he bids no trumps and you raise him. If he bids a Diamond, you call no trumps, and he takes you out if he has a singleton and/or a long suit. On such a hand the "no trump approach" calls two no trumps, demanding a take out, and subsequent bidding is regulated by intelligence.

IT is my considered opinion that in 99 cases out of 100 you can get as good results with other systems as with the "Club" convention. But Clubbists are ubiquitous, and you cannot wean them from their pet. If a strange partner says with an interrogative eyebrow, "Club, partner?" Say "Yes," and play it. It is easier for a whole man to use a crutch than for a cripple to work without one.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 512)

seemed to be a rehash of every theatrical novel ever written. You know the kind I mean: little more than a portrait of the beloved Chief living most nights and days in his own beautiful theatre, humbugging everybody (including himself) all day long, "making" reputations, rewriting (and wholly ruining) young dramatists' work, making love in a falsely avuncular way, supremely vain, miraculously surviving failures, and never willing to learn. Everything proceeds exactly as you expect. The new play, which really is great, is spoilt and a failure, but Leo Cardoza goes on, and so he will continue to go on, until he and his kind are swept away into oblivion.

I do not say that Leo's portrait is bad, but it is so exactly true to type. So are the young dramatists and the delightfully unspoilt little actress who is going to be given "her big chance." I have read it all thousands of times. The theatre in America would not seem to be different from our own.

COME nearer home—to Mr. William Gerhardi. He has been called a genius. His latest book is an amusing fantasy, but no more. *Pending Heaven* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a queerly inconsequential business all about an exceedingly amorous novelist—we all know that writers are much more passionate than grocers or plumbers or barristers—who falls in and out of love very quickly indeed. Here, of course, he is not peculiar, but where Max Fisher differs from most men is in his apparent inability to get rid of the ladies when all is over.

And so he, poor man, is obliged to give house room to three or four ladies at once. It is really dreadful: they simply refuse to go. And it is not to be wondered at that he and his harem ultimately go to Algiers, where, I suppose, monogamy is only a matter of choice.

Now there are some exceedingly shrewd things in this book, but to pretend that it is anything more than a fantasy would be absurd. There may be people something like Fisher about, but surely they would draw the line at harems—even such a free-and-easy harem as Mr. Gerhardi paints in with such skill! No, this is not the work of a genius. It is a fairly droll entertainment which some people will think exceedingly clever, though others may not find it at all to their taste.

"SKETCHES of people I have met on the way." In this way Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, who must have made more interesting friends in her time than do most people, describes her new book, *As I Knew Them* (Hutchinson: 21*s.*). It is the jolliest potpourri, which you can take up anywhere and find something to interest or amuse you. Miss Dixon can be quite outspoken when she likes, but she is never ill-natured, and the most unexpected bits of information are frequently forthcoming.

Who, for instance, would ever have believed that George Moore once wrote a book under a feminine pseudonym? And how sad to know that Irving invariably had to have his speeches written out (by somebody else) for him! How nice, too, to get glimpses of the great ones so very definitely off parade! I do not like such books very much as a rule, but Miss Dixon really does interest you in her people. She is an accomplished writer who has known "everybody worth knowing," and these sketches of hers make most admirable reading.

TWO more thrillers. *The Dead Mouse* (Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Austin Allen, may be safely recommended, for, although the identity of the criminal is not left to the last page, the excitement does not die down before it should, and in Miss Gibson's "reconstructions" of the lives of the two victims—they are found dead in some Turkish baths—there is a welcome new feature in detective stories. There is also *The Tule Marsh Murder* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*), a first novel—from America, by the way—by Nancy Barr Mavity. Why was the beautiful Mrs. O'Shay murdered? And who killed her? It was nobody like Cora Potts, though it was somebody equally unexpected. A good, well-written story. R. S.

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H.P.

SHOOTING NOTES

KEEPERS' CARTRIDGES

By "Clodhopper"

Photographs Fox Photos

A REMARKABLE SPORTING DOG

Ben, a Labrador Retriever belonging to Mr. A. D. Atkins, a well-known freshwater fisherman, often accompanies his master on his expeditions in an official capacity. He is seen waiting for the trout to be lured from the stream, after which he will retrieve it with the greatest of ease

Almost as soon as the fish has been hooked Ben springs into the water and, having promptly picked it up, returns to his master

BETWEEN "clearing up the coverts" of superfluous cocks and ground-game, overhauling nesting boxes and coops, penning pheasants, and keeping down vermin in preparation for the forthcoming rearing season gamekeepers have been—and are—experiencing very strenuous times since the close of game shooting. May I give a timely hint to some of the younger and less experienced shooting readers of THE BYSTANDER? Don't stint your keepers in the matter of cartridges for vermin, and don't dole out to them the cheap and nasty—and in some cases dangerous—foreign sporting ammunition which is being dumped into the English market like so much cheap German, French, Argentine and Soviet corn, and which, incidentally, is side by side with "scrap-iron" Continental guns, being advertised, most prominently, in some of our contemporaries devoted to field sport.

To bear out my statement anent the disadvantages of cheap imported ammunition I quote the following extract from a letter which I have just received from one of the oldest and most reputable firms of cartridge-loading experts in London:—

"We thank you for your favour to hand *re* keeper cartridges. We have never entered into the low-priced trade in cartridges, as we have never yet found a brand of the cheap foreign type that would give regular shooting. Whilst many batches shoot well and safely, *tests show that the risk of over-pressures, and under-pressures, is far too great for us to offer them to our customers.* To meet the cheap cartridge demand the English wholesalers put a cheap case on the market, without price-maintenance, and this can be loaded and sold as low as 12s. 6d. per 100, but to load and sell at this price the contents must be very inferior—and far from reliable. Our point is that your keeper requires the very best loading possible. Cheap cases, if you like, but the best loading and best killing chance. One can imagine a keeper waiting for a hawk—hour after hour, possibly day after day—and then failing to kill owing to lack of killing power in his cartridge.

"We load our Championship cartridges at 15s. per 100, and guarantee a real hard shooting and regular cartridge. Or at £7 10s. per 1,000, carriage paid, which gives the lowest price at which you can get a really reliable cartridge to give your keepers for their work."

For obvious reasons I make no mention of the name of the firm in question, though I shall be pleased to do so to any reader if he writes to "Clodhopper," care of the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SEVEN pounds and ten shillings is admittedly a considerably larger figure than would be asked for 1,000 cheap American or Continental 12-bore cartridges. On the other hand, one has the satisfaction of knowing that every individual cartridge turned out by the before-mentioned firm has been loaded with mathematical precision to give the best possible results without the slightest risk of either over- or under-pressures. Some years ago, when stationed in a rather God-forsaken spot on the West Coast of Africa, but where very good bush-fowl and black-pigeon shooting was obtainable, I ran clean out of honest English cartridges. His Excellency the Governor was the only European in the colony at that particular time who possessed a small reserve of "Eleys" upon which, being, as he was, a keen and canny shooter of Scottish extraction, he liked not to draw for the use and pleasure of his less fortunate sportsmen to the extent even of one solitary cartridge. Having "drawn blank" practically every likely covert for cartridges, I finally ran into a benevolent-looking, spade-bearded Frenchman, who, in the altruistic spirit peculiar to his race "presented" me with several hundred of what he declared to be cartridges par excellence for bush-fowl; the perfection and pride of the French sporting ammunition industry, and dirt-cheap at the modest figure of £2 a hundred. A very cursory examination of the shoddy paper-cases sufficed to tell me that my "friend in need" lied like the proverbial rattlesnake. But I bought the whole lot at his own price, and managed to kill a certain amount of feathered game, wild-fowl and pigeons with them sans blowing my own precious head off. It was more by good luck than sound judgment I escaped accident while using those "infernally cheap" cartridges.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

DON'T KEEP YOUR OLD CARTRIDGES

SOME time in the autumn the query arises whether cartridges left over from the previous season are good enough for current use, the invariable answer being that if the period of storage had been many years longer they would show no deterioration whatever. For quite another reason, your hoard should be put into service forthwith. They can perform an immediate service which will eventuate in a larger head of game being reared for next season, with incidental benefits to the farmer, the market gardener and owners in general of orchards and vegetable plots. In a word, hand them to the keeper so as to strengthen his right arm in the slaughter of jays, magpies and other pests of egg-stealing habit. Apart from the game eggs devoured, nobody can realise the destruction of eggs belonging to insectivorous birds that goes on during the spring months. If the first layings can be preserved the young broods need feeding at the very time when insect pests are most plentiful and, for the good of crops, need destroying. When a second effort has to be made the critical period is missed. Those interested in garden produce need no reminding that their choicest fruits get stolen by these scoundrels. Whether you shoot as owner or guest, drop in on the keeper and deliver your store of munitions. He will explain better than I could the divers ways in which the gun is an important auxiliary to traps.

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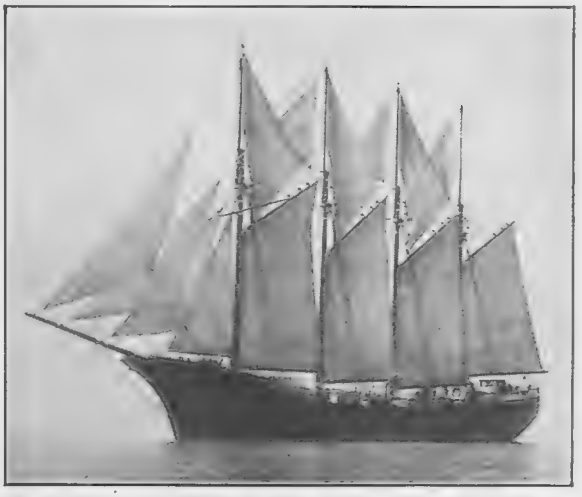

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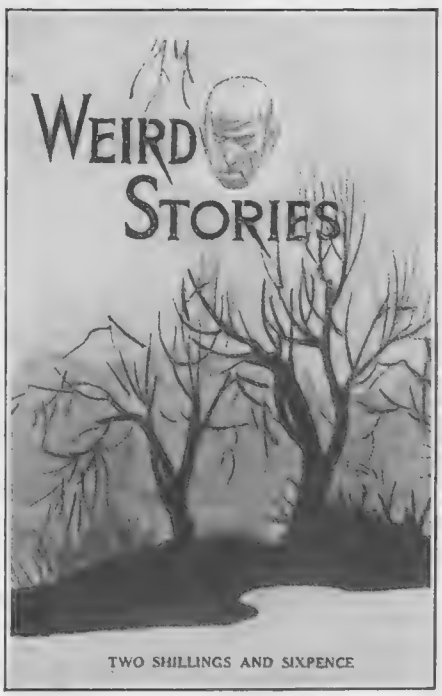

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DOGS

FIGURES DO TELL

By "The Kennelman"

THE steady recent growth in the vogue of the Cairn Terrier is illustrated by the fact that to-day (Wednesday) the Cairn Terrier Club holds its first Championship Show in Glasgow, with a schedule of 36 separate classes. On Friday of next week the London and Provincial Pekingese Club will stage a Championship Show at the Marylebone Hall. For many people these special breed Shows are more attractive than the big open affairs. This year's Irish Kennel Club Show is due in Dublin on the 17th, and will be benched and fed by Spillers.

IN the first days of this year of grace "The Kennelman" ventured on a little prophecy as to what we should find in the Kennel Club statistics of progress in 1929. The figures are out now, and may be consulted at 84, Piccadilly, or in that invaluable journal, *The Kennel Gazette*. They must be good figures, because they bear out the forecast that appeared in this part of THE BYSTANDER; and even the bumptious words "I told you so" are tolerable when they confirm news that's cheery. It was foreseen that the registrations of pedigree Dogs for the year would exceed fifty thousand, and they were, in fact, 53,194. A bit below the absolute best, but over twenty thousand ahead of seven years ago, and pretty nearly three times pre-war average; so there is certainly nothing at all to worry about, thank you!

I.B.

Chinese Collie Dogs belonging to Lieut.-Colonel Egerton. They have been imported from Upper Burma, and are said to be the only examples of their breed in England

"THE biggest fall will probably be in Alsatians," ventured the prophet, and it certainly was, with a drop of nearly two thousand for the year, to not much more than half their almost fantastic peak of three years before. Greyhounds again, what a fall is there, from 842 to 506; but withal by no means a surprise. Those jolly country gentlemen, the Bassets and Beagles, both show welcome advance, and there is yet a further increase in the already wonderful record of the Gun-Dogs. Some of the Terriers (including, one regrets to note, Airedales, Irish, Smooth Fox and Bulls) are down a little; but Cairns, Scotties and those very real persons, the Dandies, are up, as also are Dalmatians, French Bulldogs, Keshonds, and the good Old English Bobtails. The Dachshunds, smooth and wire, have both increased; Irish Wolfhounds maintain with Bloodhounds their healthy post-war standing, and Elkhounds are away up, while both the big and the little fellows from Cathay, the Chows and the Pekingese, are a little down, albeit nothing to write home to China about.

TAKEN all round, the figures are undeniably good, as may be gathered from the fact that, whereas in the second half of 1922 the total was 14,056, in the second half of 1929 it was 28,416. This shows that without doubt the past year has been a success from many aspects, and we can only hope that 1930 will equal it.

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The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over thirty-six holes (Medal play).

A silver cup will be presented to the winning professional and a similar cup to his lady partner.

Invitations have been sent to a large number of clubs in and around London. Moor Park Club is making all competitors Temporary Members for Tuesday, March 18, and Wednesday, March 19, so that on the day before the competition those who wish to do so may have an opportunity to practise.

All competitors will be entertained to luncheon and tea by "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies on the day of the competition.

This is a replica of the cup won last year by Miss M. P. Horsfield, of the Verulam Club. A similar cup was presented to her partner, Abe Mitchell, of the same club

Conditions of "The Bystander" Contest.

Professionals to be rated at PLUS 4.

Ladies L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.

Pairs to receive three-eighths of the combined handicap.

All ties for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places must be played off next day, March 20, unless otherwise agreed to by the competitors concerned and the Managing Committee.

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicap, etc., will be decided by the Managing Committee in charge of the meeting, whose decision shall be final.

A draw will be made for starting times.

★ ***Will those competitors who wish to practise at Moor Park on March 18 please notify the Club Secretary so that arrangements can be made for caddies.***

Fashions Fancies

PERFECTION OF LINE AND DETAIL IN SUPPLE LEATHER

The supremacy of leather in the sphere of motoring clothes has long been acknowledged. What is proving a revelation is the wonderful things that can be done with it by such an artist as Ulick, of New Burlington Street, who has created the coat depicted above. Made of black glazed leather, it is tailored on very slender lines, circular panels overlapping a band which is inset at the natural waistline. The upstanding collar and the revers are faced with antelope

Fashionable Deceptions

By Olive Caley Smith

A very neat suit in beige and brown honeycomb tweed, with an admirably tailored sunshine yellow silk shirt. It comes from Leathercraft, of Malvern

Not what they Seem

In the world of Fashion things are not always what they seem. Tweed, for instance, seems to possess chameleon-like qualities, except that it influences all those things with which it comes in contact, instead of reacting to them. On close examination what appears to be a tweed hat may turn out to be made of straw. These are destined to accompany very light weight dresses of transparent tweed, and, contrary to all previous ideas on the subject, they often have quite wide, curved brims. They are invariably simple in shape, and are trimmed with Petersham bands or twisted satin ribbons. Equally, one might admire a slender coat of fine suiting, woven in a subtle and colourful modern design, only to find that it is made of string! These are admirable for motoring, for they are light and warm, and they never lose their shape. This string is also used for fascinating little golf jackets, which are lined with a weatherproof fabric, and are therefore unharmed by even the steadiest downpour, since the colours are all impervious to rain.

Golf Suits and Accessories

Golf suits, which may be made of diverse materials, either have tuck-in blouses of heavy silk or light wool jerseys gathered into a deep band which fits snugly over the hips and is made of the same fabric as the skirt. Frequently they are enlivened by gay scarves in crêpe de Chine or wool, these being folded inside the coat when on the links. There is also a decided vogue for slender tweed dresses which mould the figure to below the hips, yet never impose any restriction upon the movements of the wearer. These are intricately adorned with patchwork empiècements, a softening influence being exerted by a narrow vest and cuffs of white piqué. Illustrated on the right of this page is an admirably tailored shirt blouse of Macclesfield silk, which comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus. It is obtainable in white and shades of beige, with a contrasting coloured tie, and it costs 35s. The distinctive scarf, which is generously proportioned, is available for 23s. 6d., and the capacious morocco leather bag, which is as decorative as it is useful, is priced at 49s. 6d.

Clothes for the Rink

Sports enthusiasts are among the most critical of sartorial experts, and the reputation which has been built up by Leathercraft, of Malvern, is, therefore, an extremely envious one, for they are recognised as always being to the fore with practical suggestions, no matter what branch of sport is under consideration. For skating they are now making delightful little outfits which consist of a flared Ondamussa skirt, set into a shaped hip yoke, with a heavy satin blouse buttoned up to the throat and finished with a tie or a large bow. Rather more elaborate, and extraordinarily effective, are flared skirts of soft suède, with matching bloomers buckled at the knees, and coats with zip fasteners down the front. Gauntlet gloves in exactly the same shade complete the scheme. Sketched on the left of this page is a very workmanlike tweed suit, which may be seen in their salons at Sloane Street. To say that it equals the perfection of their leather garments is to accord it the highest praise. Carried out in tones of beige and brown, the coat has four patch pockets finished with gilt buttons, and there is a narrow panel down the back through which the belt is threaded. Box pleats add fullness to the skirt, and there is a sunshine yellow crêpe shirt.

Sportswomen will appreciate these distinctive accessories from Swan & Edgar. Macclesfield silk expresses the blouse, and crêpe de Chine the scarf, while morocco is used for the bag

A Bachelor's Den . .

. . . by Sir James Barrie

The following exquisite quotation is taken from "My Lady Nicotine."

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

SIR J. M. BARRIE says . . "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

Craven

MIXTURE TOBACCO

CARRERAS Ltd., London. Ordinary or Broad Cut, in Airtight Tins, 2 oz. 2/5; 4 oz. 4/10. Also in Cartridge form

BY NORMAN KEENE

THE HINT

WHAT CONSTITUTES A 1930 CAR?

STUTZ incorporated its features four years ago.

The double-dropped frame, with ultra low centre of gravity, Stutz had in 1926. Be not deceived by squashed-down bodywork. It does not imply a low weighted car—only lack of headroom. The straight-eight-in-line engine, with overhead camshaft, Stutz brought this out in 1926.

Safety Glass as standard—1926.

Side bumper steel running boards integral with the frame. This real safety feature Stutz brought out—1926.

Worm drive making for a low built transmission line. It comes from Stutz 1926—and since

Four speed gearbox with silent-third, . . . Stutz features, 1928. "No-back"—without which no car is up-to-date. Stutz had it 1929.

All these points are best shown in the Stutz—which originated them and has learnt all about them by experience.

Stutz will be consistently the car of the future.

All these great points are in the STUTZ and the BLACK HAWK.

Warwick Wright Ltd.

150 NEW BOND ST.
W.1. (Mayfair 2904

MOTOR SPECIAL FEATURE

The 16 h.p. Austin Six Burnham saloon priced at £375. It is one of the most popular British cars on the road

THE SEASON'S OUTLOOK

By E. M. Wright

THAT we should depend upon the politician to make our laws and regulations for the control of motoring, and that we should have to suffer policemen who know nothing about motoring and magistrates who are professedly anti-motoring to enforce them is bad enough. But the mischief wrought by the Bumbles of the House of Commons goes much farther than that. Purely economic questions, such as motor car duties, are fast being made matters of miserable Party policy. Questions that are purely a matter of bread and butter, that have nothing whatever to do with politicians, are being dragged into the shameful arena of Party politics.

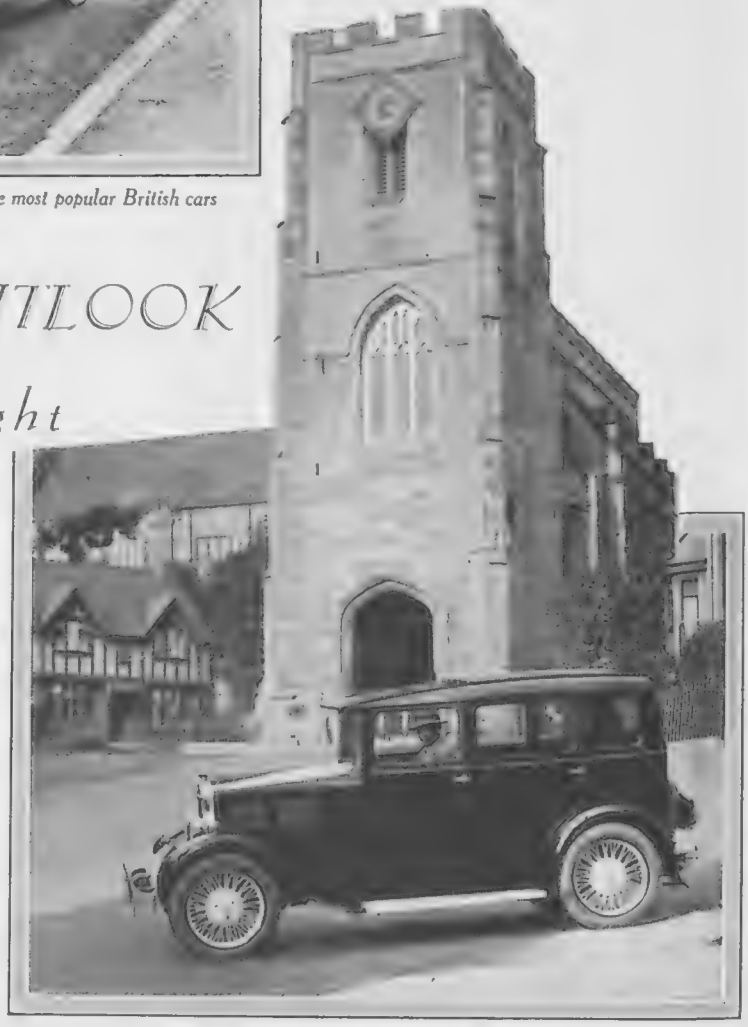
***

TAKE these McKenna Duties. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden, happens to be politically a Free Trader. The McKenna Duties are not Free Trade. Therefore, he says, they should go—never mind whether they are good for the industry or not. As a matter of fact the position is worse than that, for he does not even say *definitely* that they must go. He threatens to abolish them, but will not commit himself to anything definite because it is not the thing for the Chancellor to give away anything to do with the Budget beforehand. At this time of the year the motor industry should have made its plans for the season's production and be well under way with them. But in the present state of uncertainty the works and the trade generally are held up indefinitely—all because of a politician who cannot make up his mind, or, if he had decided anything, is so pompous that he considers it beneath his dignity to tell us what he has decided. Can you picture such a state of things occurring in Germany or America? The belief is that, in view of the growing roll of unemployment, Mr. Snowden will not dare to abolish the present Duty.

***

AT long last the Road Traffic Bill is actually before the House of Commons, and it really may be passed within, say, six months. It is, however, so controversial that its rejection altogether is not inconceivable! The chief provisions which concern motorists are, of course, the introduction of compulsory third party insurance, the abolition of the speed limit, and greatly increased penalties for dangerous driving. I do not think there is anything in the first to worry readers of THE BYSTANDER. As for the second, no one in his senses can believe that the abolition of the speed limit will make a particle of difference to anyone's average driving speed, for the simple reason that no one at present takes the slightest notice of the speed

(*Continued on page iv*)



A 1930 Standard 9 h.p. Teignmouth Special. It is seen at the entrance to Warwick from Stratford-on-Avon

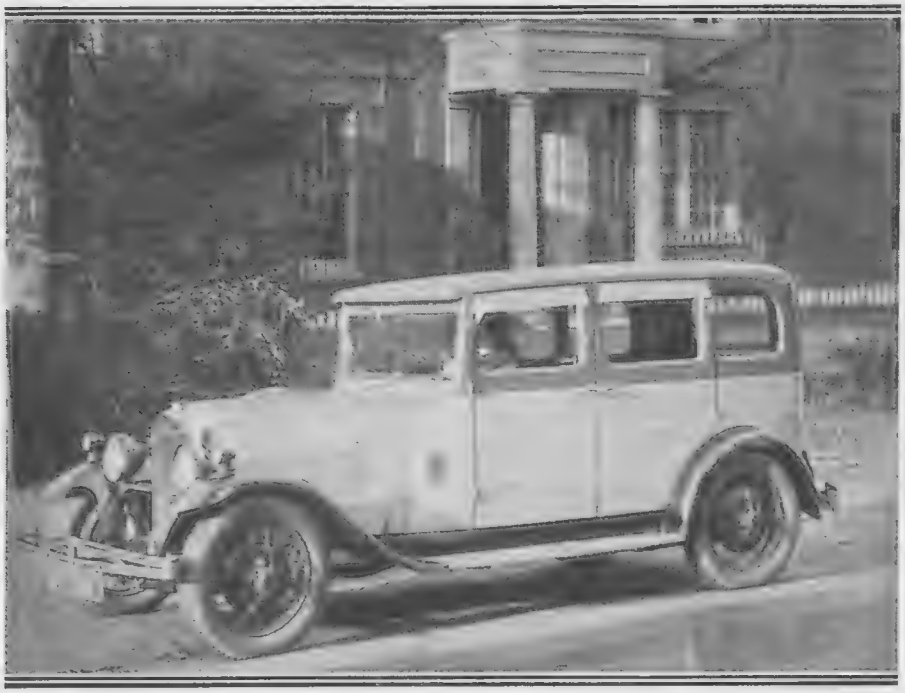
THREE FAMOUS CARS

Miss Anita Page, the film star, who played lead in, among other films, "Broadway Melody." She is seen beside her Willys-Knight Coupé

Two native drivers in their Riley Nine Tourer. The photograph was taken before they set out on their long and hazardous journey from Singapore to London

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. W. Gray, in centre, beside their Franklin Air-cooled Six. The photograph was taken after their record run from London to Glasgow

THE SEASON'S OUTLOOK (continued from page ii)



The latest Singer Light Six outside one of the school buildings at Harrow. This Standard five-seater saloon, which is available in many duo-tone colour schemes, is priced at £275 complete. The Editor drove one of these cars through the Highlands, and climbed the steepest gradients without the slightest difficulty

limit unless he has a premonition of a police trap at a particular spot. That really states the whole case against the speed limit, as anyone can see for himself.

***

A much more important aspect, which I have not seen referred to, is this, that when the speed limit is abolished it will compel the police to look elsewhere when they are ordered to take some action against motorists. At the present time this speed limit offers them a cheap and easily worked method of piling up convictions with absolute certainty. Why should they bother to look for instances of dangerous driving when half an hour with a stop-watch on a straight and open stretch of road will give them as many cases as they can possibly handle and as many certain and indisputable convictions as the most ambitious constable could wish for. I am not blaming them. The police mind is a peculiar entity encouraged by police training, and the speed limit is just the kind of regulation that appeals to it. Take away the speed limit and these policemen have got to take action under some other section of the law. And there is nothing left but the dangerous driving clauses and their enormous penalties. Indeed, with the benches of senile magistrates with their anti-motorist prejudices, which still exist in many districts, there is every reason to fear that grave injustice will be perpetrated on many quite innocent motorists. Motorists will be out of the speed-limit frying pan into the dangerous-driving fire. This, and the fact that dangerous driving is not defined, nor even drunkenness at the wheel, is the only really unsatisfactory part of the new Bill.

But the Bill has already added to the mirth of the nation, for the proposal to abolish the speed limit has brought into being the Pedestrians' Association. First we witnessed Mr. A. P. Herbert taking up the cudgels on behalf of the pedestrian and declaring that speed was the root cause of all accidents, and that, therefore, if accidents were to be reduced, the solution was to reduce speed. If this argument were pursued to its logical conclusion it would mean that all traffic would be reduced to actually and literally less than walking pace; and the reason for motor traffic being it superior speed, motor traffic might as well be abolished altogether. So much for Mr. Herbert's argument. So long as this great humorist deserted conscious for unconscious humour and entertained us in the dailies and elsewhere, well and good. But, unfortunately, one or two articles of his, attempting to deal with this subject in humorous vein, were allowed to appear in *Punch*, and we witnessed the sad spectacle of this great weekly which has become a national institution being made the vehicle of the personal opinions of one of its staff. After a week or two the articles which had threatened to be a series ceased to appear, and I gather that the editor had learned wisdom. Was it largely from his own readers, I wonder?

***

If the Association had any hopes of carrying weight, however, they were dashed to the ground when its secretary appeared at a conference on street accidents in London and in an impassioned attack upon the proposal to abolish the speed limit made the most glaringly inaccurate statements which gave his whole case away. Amongst these statements was one that pedestrians were being killed off three times as fast in London as they were in Paris and that London was the worst city in the world for motor accidents, and so forth. Such statements could only refer to the *rate* of accidents and on this score they were actually the very reverse of the truth. The Pedestrians' Association has rather faded into insignificance since then.

(Continued on page vi)

The Hooper enclosed landaulette with de Ville extension on a 40–50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis recently supplied to the Negus Taffari of Abyssinia. The car's features include a Hooper quick action signal window fitted to the driver's compartment, and a rumble seat at the back for two footmen with a receptacle below for taking two trunks

See How Carew Girth Control Will REDUCE Your GIRTH 2 to 7 ins. Immediately and Lastingly

REVELATIONS of what fat means to every too-stout—or getting stout—man are published, with the aid of unique illustrations, in "The Book of Carew Girth Control" (gratis and post free on personal or written application).

This Free Book also makes clear how a 2 to 7 inches (or even greater) reduction can be made in the waist measurement—immediately and lastingly—and without dieting, drugs, exercises, time or trouble.

NO DIETING
NO DRUGS
NO EXERCISES
NO EFFORT

CALL or WRITE for FREE BOOK

Risks Run by Too-Fat

THE risks run by the too-fat are not realised. Among the many health-injurious effects of fat, and an enlarged, sagging abdomen, and an ungainly, unbalanced figure, are:

—Shortness of Breath.
—Heart Palpitation and Strain.
—Tiring too Quickly.
—Disinclination for Physical Exercise and Effort.
—Digestive Sluggishness.
—Indigestion, Heartburn, Acidity, Flatulence, Constipation.
—Rupture and Appendicitis Risks.
—Brain-Fag, Nerve Weakness or Neurasthenia.

This shows the IMMEDIATE AND LASTING Figure Improvement. See Free Book.

Try this Remarkable Personal Experiment

CLASP hands under lower abdomen (as illustration) and lift. Note the weight and the strain upon the weakened abdominal and back muscles, the spine and the prolapsed internal organs; also indirectly upon the heart, lungs, nerves, energies, and health. The "Carew Girth Control" maintains support without effort. Think what that means to your appearance, health, strength, physical and mental powers.

Physicians and Wearers are Recommending It

"MY 'CORPORATION' IS GONE." *A Scottish Gentleman writes:* "I feel a new man, and my 'Corporation' is gone. The support to my back is truly a revelation. In me you have a customer for life."

"FIRST TWO WEEKS REDUCED 6 INS." *From a West of England Gentleman:* "I have nothing but praise for the 'Carew,' and I have not been in better health for a number of years. In the first two weeks my measurements were reduced 6 inches, and I am very delighted. I have advised many of my friends here whom you have now supplied, and they have nothing but praise of them."

"ENTIRELY FREE FROM ABDOMINAL TROUBLE." "Almost at Once" (*writes a Yorkshire Gentleman*) "I felt decidedly better for wearing the Carew, whilst after its use I am entirely free from abdominal trouble, from which I have suffered for years. My only regret is that I have not known of the Carew before now."

Write or Call for Free Book

Among the "Contents" are

—Your Figure and Your Fitness.
—The Weakest Part of Your Body.
—Life and Health Dangers of an Enlarged Stomach.
—Beware of Flesh-Forming Habit.
—Physical Training Without Straining.
—How to Avoid Rupture and Appendicitis.
—Poise and Power.
—Natural Re-Positioning of Vital Organs and Health Benefits.

WHETHER you are just commencing to get too much flesh—or are already overburdened at the waistline—you are welcome to a copy of the illustrated "Book of Carew Girth Control"—but call or send for it without delay.

Write, 'Phone or Call for Free Illustrated Book with offer of Carew Girth Control on Trial-Approval,

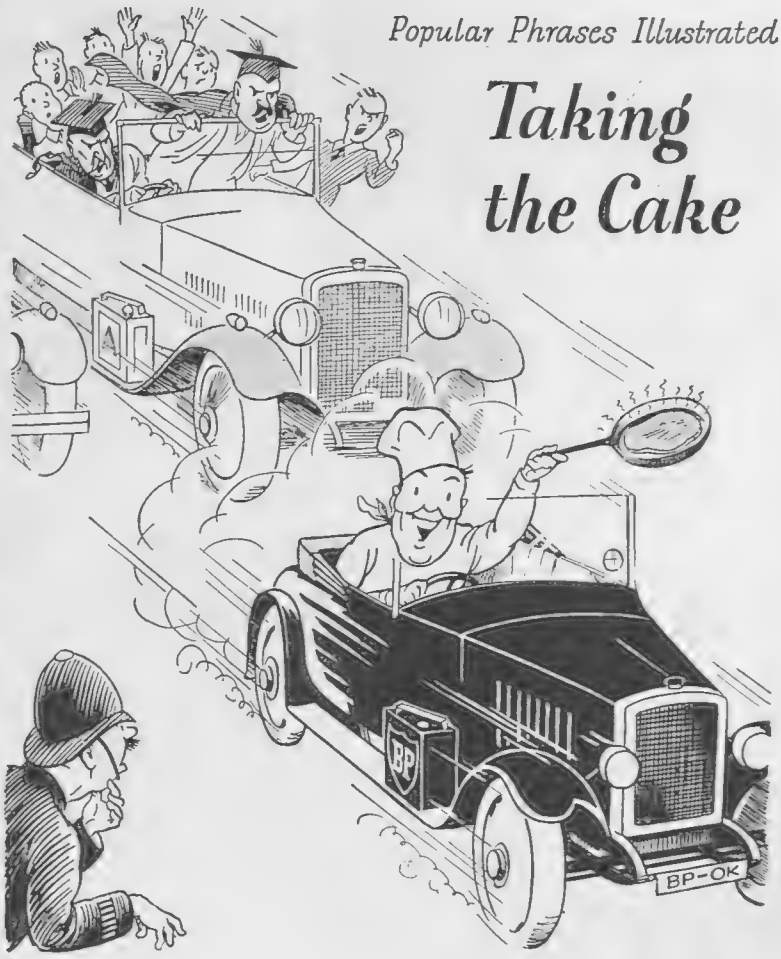
B. N. CAREW, REMO HOUSE

(Telephone: Langham 4335.) (Between Oxford Circus & Queen's Hall)

310 & 312 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Popular Phrases Illustrated

Taking the Cake



Said the Cook, "I am sorry indeed
To rob the poor lads of their feed.
Their pancake was due,
But in vain they pursue -
'BP' takes the cake - and the lead!"

The New "BP"

Puts new life into your car

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD

British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2. Distributing Organisation.

THE SEASON'S OUTLOOK (continued from page iv)

STARTING THE SEASON EARLY

As I took up my pen to hail the advent of spring and another motoring season I fell to wondering whether this seasonal note was not a trifle out of date to-day. Certainly there was once a season for motoring, just as there is for cricket; and there was another when (unless one was a Spartan) the car was laid up for months on end. But surely the motor car of to-day has made it impossible now to proclaim any close season for those who would take the wheel and follow the open road. No longer need we shiver in touring cars; the coming of the saloon has changed all that. Even the politician has so far modified the licensing regulations that it no longer pays to buy one's licence by the quarter. It is just as cheap proportionately to start motoring to-day, on March 5, as on March 25; so why not do so?

***

The other day I heard one of those depressing people we call optimists declare that "really the only spell of actual winter comes within the four months or less from November to February." October often supplies the "Golden Autumn" of song or story, if not an Indian summer; and March can boast of many a record in balmy air and generous warmth that belies its title to the month of winds. When this month comes the fogs are over and the days have lengthened to match those of mid-October. This is a point which I often think only photographers, who have an appraising eye for such factors as "actinic quality," seem to appreciate. Officially the spring may open on March 21, and actually, if you go by the green buds and the things by which the poets measure the season, it may be a good deal later in coming; but from the motorist's point of view there is no reason why we should not celebrate the spring this very day as ever was. And if it is cold—why, change the old car for one of those modern saloons and you will not notice the weather!

The popular Black Hawk Stutz fitted with a Weymann body. This car is noted for its extremely low build and safety features such as the "No-back" sprag. It is handled by Warwick Wright, Ltd., of 150, New Bond St., W.1.

***

The man who means to invest in a new car "as soon as the weather is good" is losing precious moments with every day's delay. Placing an order now will ensure early delivery weeks ahead of the annual Easter rush, when there is always the risk of disappointment. This is the time, too, for him to try out his new car, get it run in and in good working order in readiness for the coming holidays. Between now and Easter the wise motorist, be he an old hand or a novice, will find room and to spare on the roads—which supplies still another reason why he should not lose any time in getting his car into commission.

(Continued on page viii)

BY APPOINTMENT

Daimler

BY APPOINTMENT

The Daimler "Thirty-five"

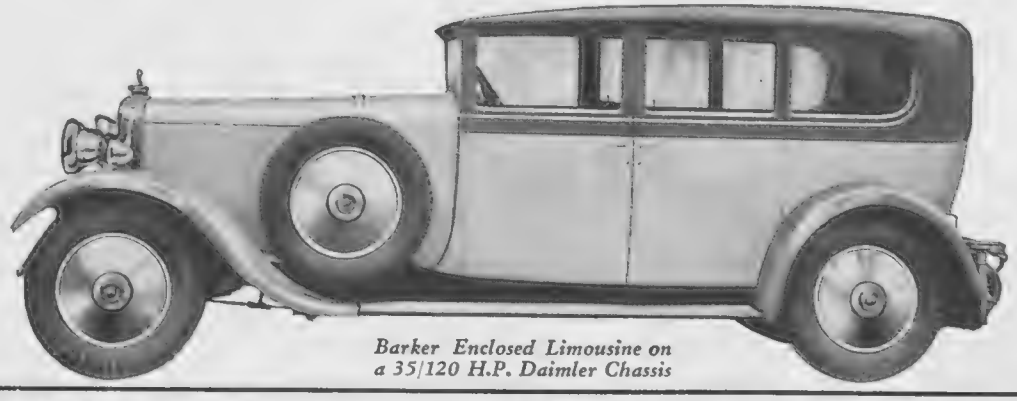
The Daimler "Thirty-five" is the largest and most luxurious six-cylinder private car in the world. Its body-space measured from the dash to the rear axle is 9ft. 2in.—very considerably longer than in any other car except the Daimler Double-Six "50." It is rightly chosen by the leading coachbuilders as the ideal foundation for their craft.

Its absolute reliability and consistently good performance are the result of twenty years' experience in the design and production of large six-cylinder sleeve-valve engined chassis. The origin of the "Thirty-five" itself was the famous Daimler "Standard Thirty," introduced in 1914, since which date a car of this type and size has always occupied a prominent position in the Daimler range.

The following is a typical report from an owner:

> The 35hp. Daimler Landaulette has now completed 20,000 miles, including a ten weeks' tour of France over some very severe roads and the French Alps, through which it was never necessary to drop below third gear. The petrol consumption of the French tour averaged 17m.p.g., which is very good taking into consideration the inferior spirit and bad state of the roads, which included 700 miles of heavy snow on the return journey. The car has given me no trouble whatever.

BARKER COACHWORK
on a
DAIMLER CHASSIS
Acknowledged the Best



Barker Enclosed Limousine on a 35/120 H.P. Daimler Chassis

BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LIMITED

Coachbuilders to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

66-69 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

Established 1710 *Telephone: Grosvenor 2420*

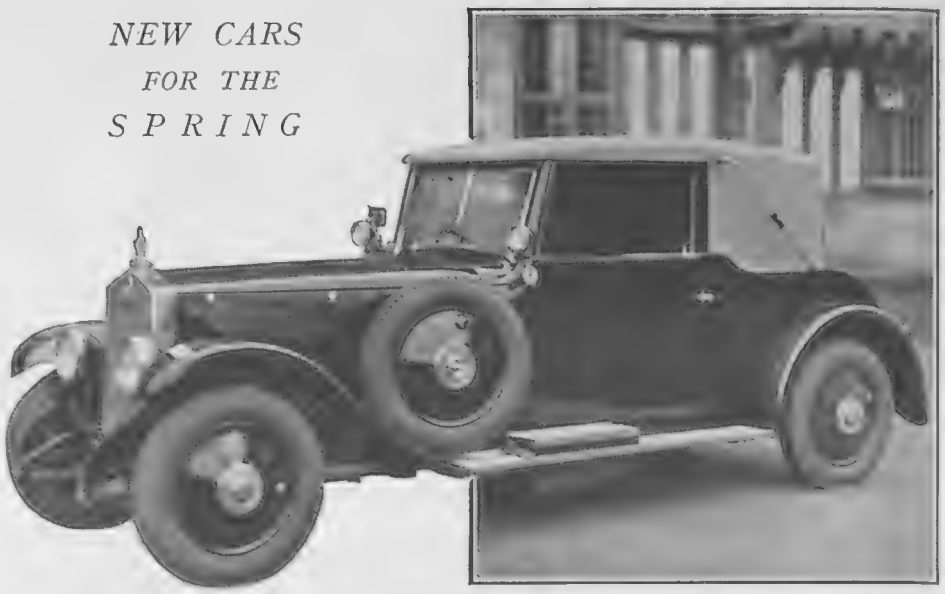
THE SEASON'S OUTLOOK (continued from page vi)

THIS, too, is the time for views of the countryside such as are never seen at any other season of the year, for in the bright, crisp air, clear of the haze that comes in the holiday months of July and August, even the leaf-leanness of the trees opens up new views that will be hidden away when Nature clothes the branches in their mantle of green. Many a long-experienced student of home scenery chooses March and April—with their clear views and magnificent skies—as the ideal months for touring England and even North of the Border. I will not actually counsel "Go thou and do likewise," because that sort of enthusiasm for touring is not in the mode in these blasé times, and the car of the modern motorist is much less of a magic carpet than it used to be but the thought suggests that March and the spring may still be the finest time of the year to be about on the roads. Even in these hard times it is worth while starting the season early.

***

NEVER have the motor car manufacturer, the coachbuilder and the accessory maker offered us such an array of pleasing wares as in this year of grace 1930. Whether one chooses the high-class chassis and fits it with a special body or is content with a standard production in both chassis and coachwork the choice is generous and the quality extremely high. Heading the list comes the Rolls-Royce, this year out with a most attractive new model, the Phantom II. Only 'special" coachwork is fitted, Messrs. Hooper and Co., Ltd., being one of the concerns that cater most for this class of work. They build for all cars, of course, including the famous Lanchester.

NEW CARS FOR THE SPRING



A Double Touring Coupé, built by the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., and mounted on the Lanchester Straight Eight chassis. The design of the body allows ample seating accommodation for four or five persons, including the driver, and the rear opens in the manner of a dickey, disclosing a commodious luggage compartment

***

THEN there is the Bentley, the ideal sports car, yet not to be mistaken as entirely a sports car. In near company nowadays is the Invicta, another comparative newcomer, which has made a great name for itself by the amazing performance of the perfectly standard job. In the same class again is the Stutz, which has "paid its whack" by taking part in European races along with the rest, and doing remarkably well, too. Most American competition comes in the cheaper class, so that the Stutz and the Lincoln occupy quite a unique position of their own amongst the higher-grade cars. The Stutz is a delightfully easy riding car with its low springing and is a luxury car impossible to beat at the price.

(Continued on page x)

not XL...

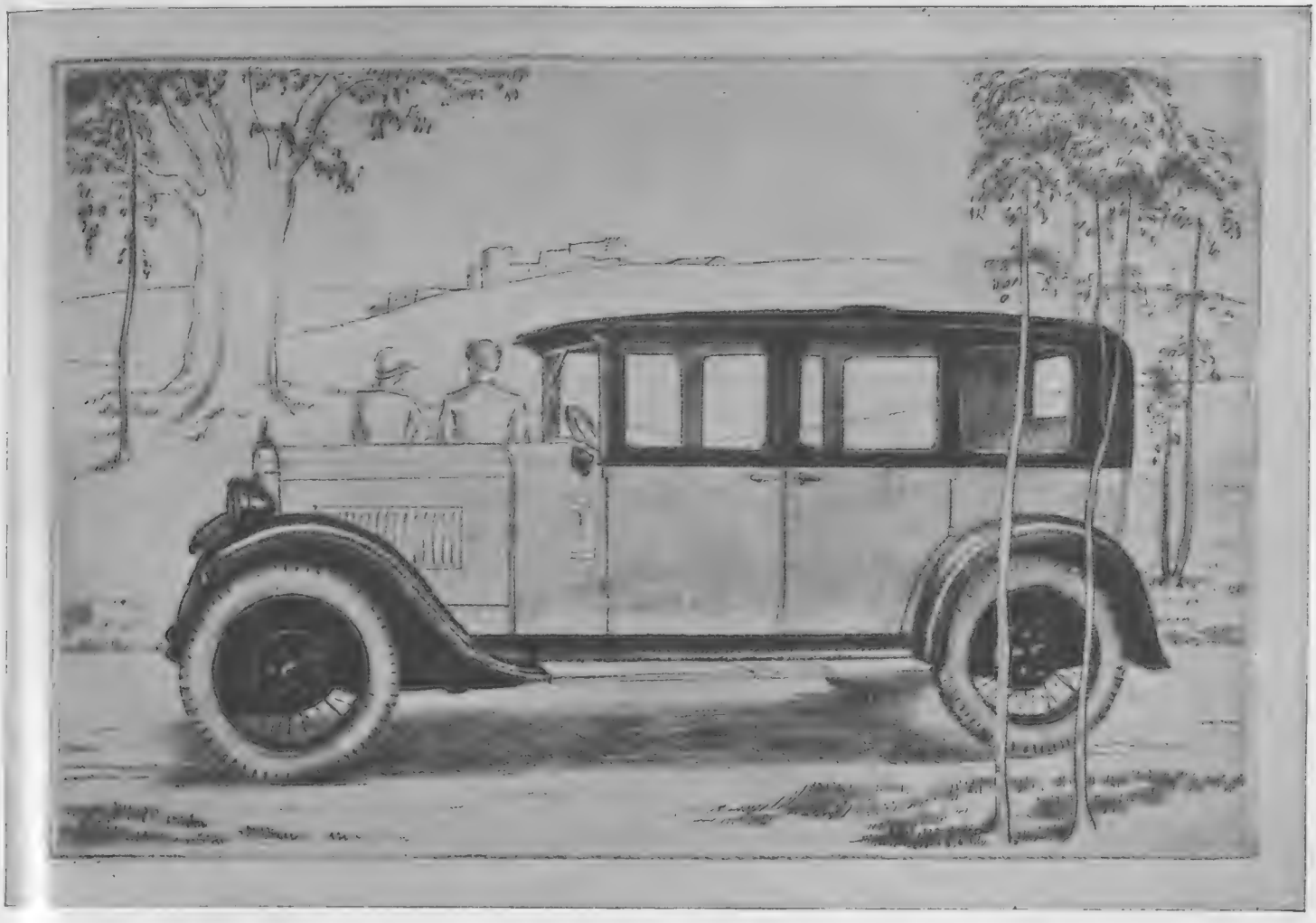
but CASTROL XL

When you ask for "XL" you expect to be given the famous CASTROL XL. But you are risking being given a cheap, inferior Oil. Moreover, you are charged at Castrol prices.

To protect yourself against this menace, you have only to emphasise CASTROL XL. It's well worth your while to take this slight extra care.

BUY CASTROL BY *NAME.*

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., Wakefield House, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2



ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF SUPER SIX-CYLINDER PERFORMANCE—WITH AUSTIN'S STANDARD OF DEPENDABILITY

The "Sixteen" Burnham Saloon (as illustrated)

£375

Clifton 5-Seater - £305
Two-Seater - - £310
Fabric Saloon - - £365
Sportsman's Saloon £375

Sliding Sunshine Roof on closed models, £10 extra.

"As dependable as an Austin."

In six-cylinder cars, a high standard of performance is assumed . . . Flexible vibrationless engines, good top-gear work, splendid suspension, comfortable bodies. The Austin "Sixteen" Light Six gives all these qualities of performance and comfort *plus* the Austin standard of dependability.

Here, in the Austin "Sixteen" Burnham Saloon, is a car which, above all, is of supreme appeal to the owner who insists on *trouble-free* motoring—who does not wish to bestow frequent attention on his car.

Dependability of so high an order has never been attained before at so moderate a price. Only sacrifice of quality, thereby detracting from this high standard of dependability, could enable Austin to produce this car at a lesser figure.

Examine this car thoroughly. Note the bright, roomy interior—the depth and comfort of the seating and upholstery. Room here for five really full-sized people. Note the completeness and modernity of the equipment. Triplex glass throughout; all external metal parts chromium plated; silentbloc shackles; Dunlop tyres.

Still better . . . drive the car yourself. See your nearest dealer. He will gladly arrange a trial run without obligation. Catalogue on request.

Austin

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.
Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

THE SEASON'S OUTLOOK (continued from page viii)

In the Popular Class

AND now to turn to the great popular British makes. The Morris and the Singer folk have struck a great blow for British freedom from foreign competition in each producing a fine new six-cylinder model at a knock-out price—if I may be pardoned the slang term for its expressiveness. I refer, of course, to the new Morris-Oxford Six at £285 for the fabric saloon of most attractive lines, and the new Singer Six at £275 for a coach-built saloon of most glossy finish and attractive colour schemes. These are excellent examples of the value offered in light sixes by British makers to-day.

* * *

AT £340 and £375 respectively are two other very attractive British Sixes, namely, the Standard and the Austin, both of about 16 h.p. With this and their 9 h.p. Teignmouth saloon at £215, the Standard people have a most attractive proposition this year. It is a feature of the Austin policy not to announce yearly models, but to incorporate improvements as and when desirable. This means that depreciation is at its minimum on this make of car, and to the man who wants to motor with the utmost economy this is a very strong point.

* * *

DOWN at the £200 mark the Ford, now all-British almost to the last bolt and nut, offers the performance of a big car at the cost of a small one, and a tax and upkeep somewhere between the two. Just under the £200 mark the Triumph people are well to the fore with a range of most stylish saloons, all on their now well-tried Super Seven chassis. Needless to say, the Morris-Cowley and Singer Senior and Junior and the Austin Seven must not be overlooked in the popular and economical four-cylinder class.

Among the Accessories

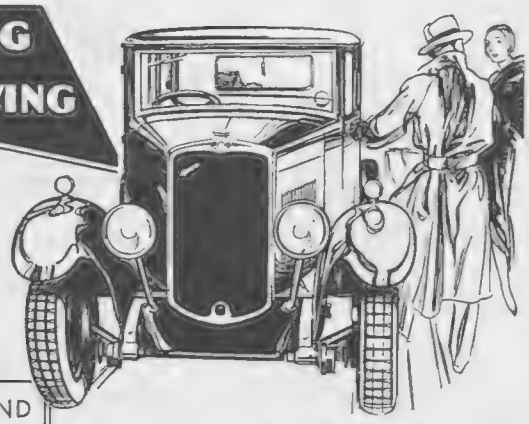
THE ordinary motorist should occasionally pay tribute to the accessory manufacturer, for few of us realise the extent of the trouble taken to perfect even the most inconspicuous of the details that go to make the equipment of the modern car. The Dunlop Rubber Co., who have just made the tyres for Kaye Don's car are at work on, and have, I believe, already experimented a good deal with, a tread that will get rid of the scream of the tyres on the road. On a modern car this is the only sound now that remains to be silenced. The value of Triplex is clearly indicated by the number of cars on which it is now fitted as standard, as it should have been many years ago, for the Triplex people have had an uphill fight to convince manufacturers of the need for this essential safety equipment.

* * *

A 14·9 h.p. Ford Tudor Saloon, which is all-British made. Its cost at works is £195

EVEN the petrol companies leave no stone unturned to give us the best of their experience. Each of these has introduced a new spirit within the last year or so, B.P. people using rhymes to interest us in the "new B.P.," and Pratts some very clever advertising on behalf of their High Test brand. By the way, the latter concern has also brought in a new motor oil, and motorists who do not know the excellent Pratts' Log Book should write for one. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., who are supplying the oil for Kaye Don's car at Daytona, are not behindhand in making improvements, for they have introduced the new Swanshot "S" gear oil, which remains fluid down to very low temperatures. E. M. W.

SEEING IS BELIEVING



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(at Works).

4-seater Open Tourer, £235.
Drop-Head Coupé, £250.
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"Migrant" Sun Saloon, £270.
"Foursome" Coupé, £270.
"Paladin" Coachbuilt Saloon, £285.
"Fleetwing" Sports Saloon, £295.

Wire Wheels £3 3s. extra; except on "Fleetwing" Saloon.

-and trying is better still

To hear a Swift enthusiast—and there are thousands of them—you would think he was grossly exaggerating the performance and appearance of his car, which after all, you say, is only 10 h.p. But see one for yourself; better still, try one out over a run long enough to bring in some really difficult country, and it will dawn upon you that the enthusiasm of every Swift owner is perfectly justified.

And with longer acquaintance you too will be expounding on its virtues in a manner that will make the uninitiated put you down as "a bit of a fisherman" till they too decide to try.

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"TENS"

SWIFT OF COVENTRY LIMITED COVENTRY
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I should be beaten if I were in that fellow's shoes. It looks as though *he* is making heavy work of it.

Cranking up an engine on a freezing cold day like this calls for youthful strength and energy, and I am afraid I haven't much of that left.

Thank goodness, however, I don't have trouble that way, for the C.A.V. Battery on my car has never failed me once.

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for my own private use I would drive no other than a Riley '9'—it is indeed a Wonder Car."

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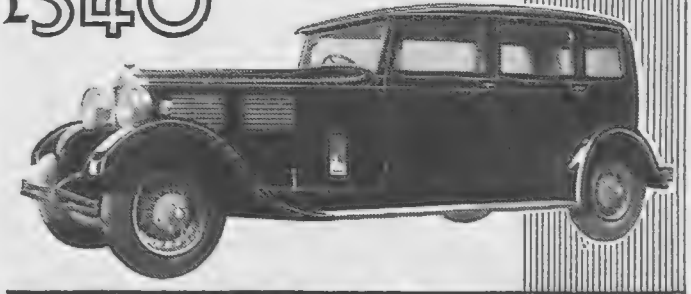

The All-British Standard

The dissipation of energies, whether they be physical or mental, makes a short cut to failure; concentration, on the other hand, leads straight to success.

That is why the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., have decided to concentrate the whole of their organisation on the production of two famous models—the '9' and the 6-cyl. Each of these two models is offered by the manufacturers with supreme confidence, and the demand that each is already enjoying is a clear proof that the public, too, have quickly assessed their merits.

. . . . . but remember, concentration, where the Standard is concerned, does not mean "mass-production"—there will still be that "craftsmanship" construction with every model Standard produced, and which has always been inseparably associated with all Standard cars.

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist. Drop us a line to-day.

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Dinner

Hors d'Œuvres or Grape Fruit.

Turbot en Matelote.

Crème de Volaille.

Ices.

Homard à la Diable.

Café. Desert.

Turbot en Matelote

The French way of cooking fish "en matelote" means stewing and serving with a rich sauce, and a bouillon or broth is made in which the fish is cooked as follows: Two sliced onions, a large carrot, a bay leaf, parsley, a clove of garlic, three cloves, some peppercorns, salt. Put these ingredients into three pints of boiling water, and after an hour's cooking, strain and return the liquor to the saucepan with half its quantity of white wine. Cut the turbot into pieces, boil it in the bouillon gently for twenty minutes, meanwhile fry some sliced onions and some mushrooms in butter, flavour them with pepper, salt, and a pinch of mace, add some flour for thickening, and then sufficient of the liquor in which the fish was boiled to make the quantity of sauce. Stir while it boils, and add the yolk of an egg. Pour this sauce over the fish and serve.

Menu.

Relishes
Smoked Salmon

Fillet of Dover Sole

Roast Dorset Lamb
Braised Seakale
Lincoln Mealy Potatoes

Almond Iced Pudding
Cape Peach Melba
Dainties

Kenya Coffee

The menu of the National Roll of Buyers of British Goods lunch recently served at the Savoy Hotel. The National Roll is organised by the League of Empire Housewives

Crème de Volaille

Pound the breast of a chicken in a mortar, add half a pint of cream while pounding, and pepper and salt to taste. Pass the mixture through a hair-sieve and work in another half-pint of cream. Garnish a plain mould with truffles, tongue, and pistachio nuts; pour in the mixture and steam for an hour very slowly. Serve with truffle sauce, which is prepared as follows:—

Pare some truffles as thin as possible; slice them about the size of a penny, put them into a sauté pan with a slice of butter, some mixed parsley and shallot, salt and pepper; stir them well in the pan, and cook them gently for about ten minutes. Drain off part of the butter, and pour into the pan a small cupful of Espagnole sauce, the juice of a lemon, and a little cayenne pepper.

Homard à la Diable

Take the meat from a lobster and sprinkle with a little cayenne pepper; chop it small, then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and one tomato cut up small. These must be stewed over the fire, stirring till boiling; add a little made mustard. Have ready some croûtons of fried bread, put some of the devilled lobster on each, and sprinkle over a little chopped parsley.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A New Public School

Kinmel, the new public school, is situated about 400 feet above sea level near Abergele in North Wales. It commands an extensive view of the far-famed valley of Clwyd, and is surrounded by 300 acres of park. During the Summer term it is particularly convenient for purposes of bathing. Accommodating about 400 boys, it is run on entirely the same lines as the ordinary public schools, and the curriculum is well designed. The usual games are played, including Rugger, Association football, hockey, cricket, tennis, and cross-country running, while the school athletic sports are held annually. An Officers' Training Corps is being formed, and special attention is paid to physical training. There are a number of useful scholarships, and the staff consists of university graduates who are most able coaches for games. From the point of view of health, the conditions are more than favourable, the climate being mild and sunny.

A Clinic for Rheumatism

It is only within the last five years or so that chronic rheumatism has been recognised as a health and economic question of the first magnitude. When, however, it was realised that modern methods of treatment, especially those called physical (baths, electricity, heat, massage), properly combined, gave good results in what was considered a more or less incurable and non-preventible condition; that these methods were being successfully used in our own spas, and to a more limited extent in Red Cross and other clinics and hospitals; that, further, Continental countries were far in advance of us with regular organisations and city clinics for sufferers from rheumatism, a great impetus was given. Thanks to generous donations, funds were obtained to build the new clinic that was recently opened by Her Majesty the Queen in Peto Place, Marylebone Road. This building is equipped on most up-to-date lines, and includes ample dressing and rest rooms, a large bath hall, hot vapour room, electricity rooms, and a large number of medical appliances.

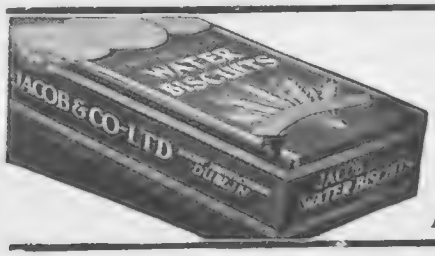
The Fountain at Kinmel School, showing the main buildings behind, and the School Chapel. The School is surrounded by a magnificent park of 300 acres and is about 400 feet above sea level

A Fine Old Polish

Not long ago Messrs. Adams opened a bottle of their popular furniture polish that had been sealed in the year 1895. They found it in perfect condition and as efficient as ever. This is a great tribute to the pure ingredients that the polish contains, and proves that its fine qualities will last for years. Made from the original formula, well over a hundred years old, it is now used almost everywhere. For the price of 1*s.* a complete cleaning outfit can be obtained from any grocer's, including a bottle of furniture polish, a tin of floor polish, a duster, and a 16-page book on polishing hints.

Georgian Tea Room for London Terminus

The L.N.E.R. recently opened at King's Cross main line terminus station a new Georgian tea room capable of seating at small tables more than one hundred people. This welcome innovation is part of a scheme for the entire reorganisation of the whole of the refreshment and dining-room accommodation at this station. The new tea room, which is 48ft. by 41ft., contains a number of novelties. Cheery smokeless fires of a new pattern and electric radiators give a pleasing welcome, and the lighting fittings are of the modern angular reflector type. The furnishings and fittings are of mahogany in Georgian style, with blue leather chair seats and blue inset table tops of rubber composition. The walls and ceiling are of graduated tints from warm orange to light primrose, giving a rising sun effect, and orange curtains put the finishing touch to a most striking effect.



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In "THE DESERTED CITY"
by Cosmo Hamilton

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"HOLLYWOOD . . . FROM THE INSIDE" by Leslie Fenton
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"WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
"WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED" by Ruth Teazle
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"ENGLISH MANNER AND AMERICAN MATTER" by Sydney Tremayne
"I BELIEVED . . . IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt. Hon. Sir William Bull
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"FURNISHING THE HOME" by Baseden Butt
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THREE PRACTICAL STYLES FOR SPRING DAYS
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"BADMINTON TOURNAMENT PLAY" by Alice M. Cooke
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WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION by Eleanor E. Helme
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"NEW LEGS FOR OLD"
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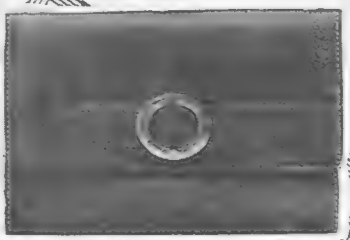

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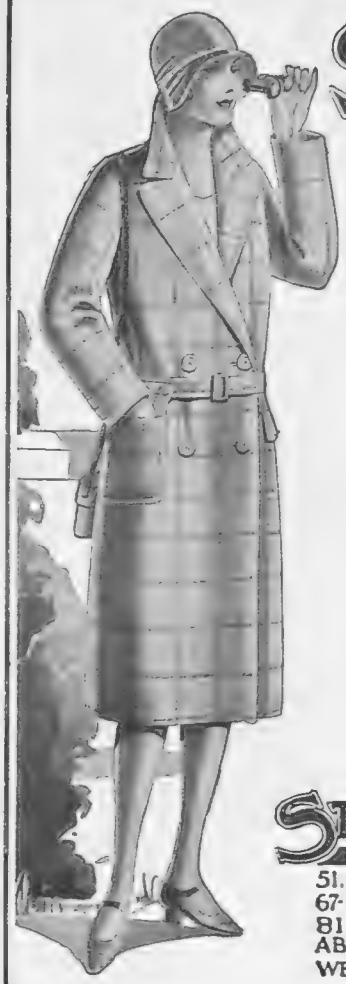

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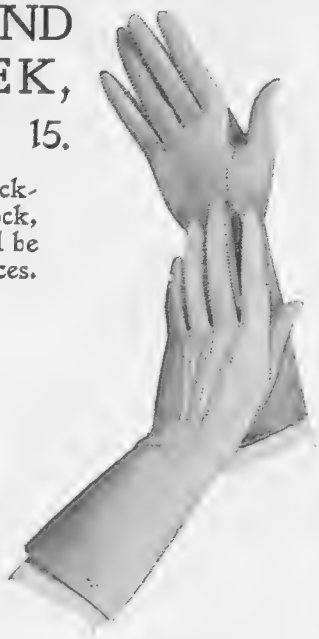

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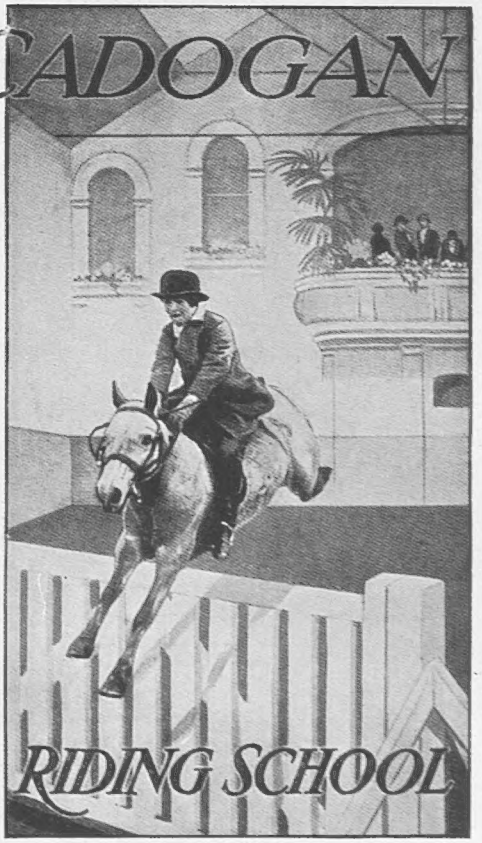

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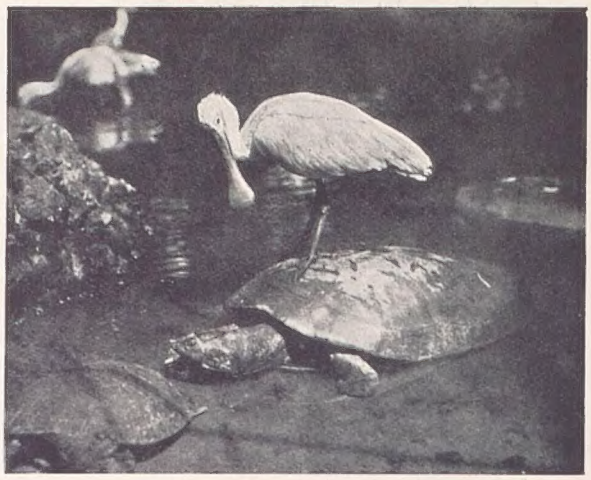

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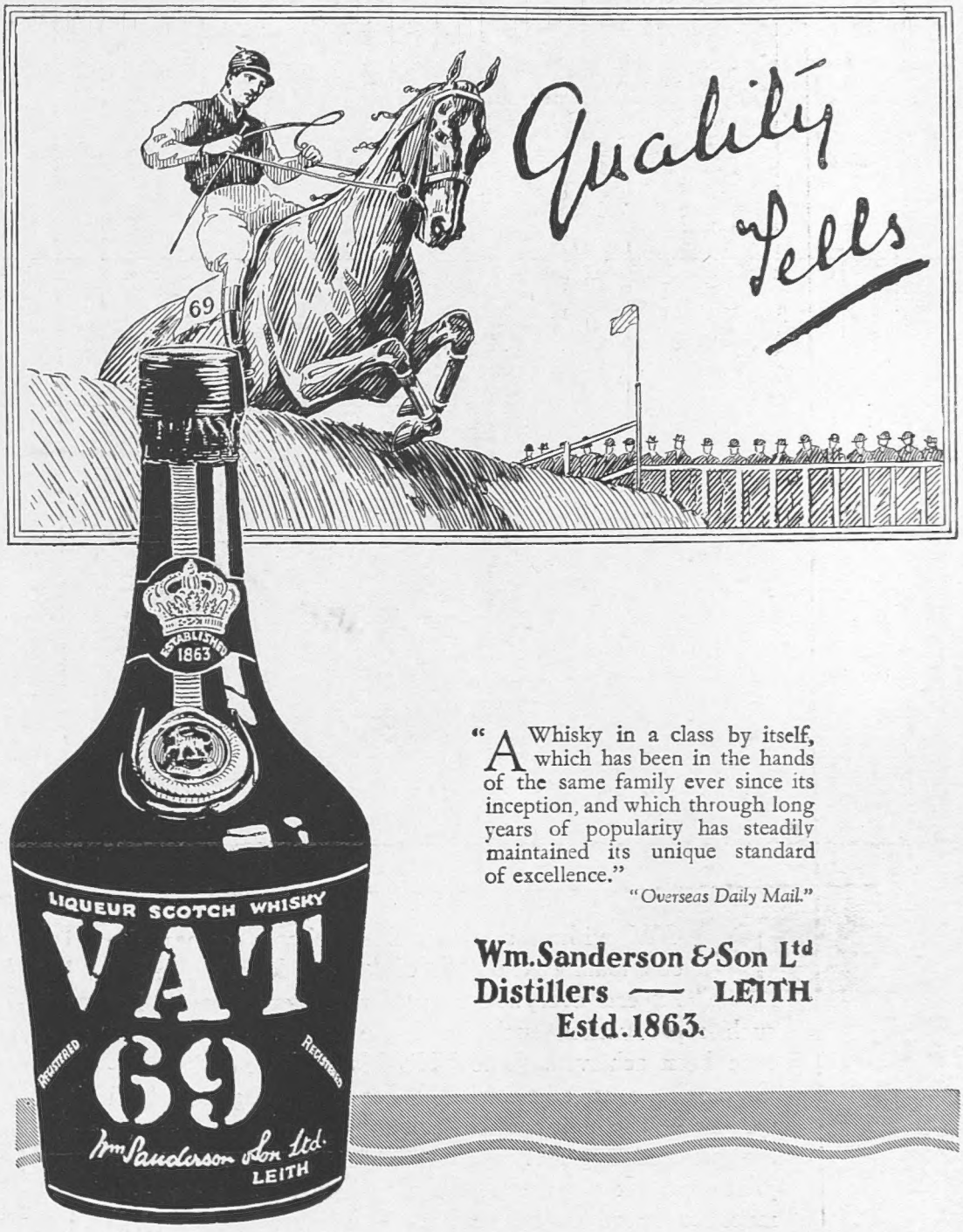

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